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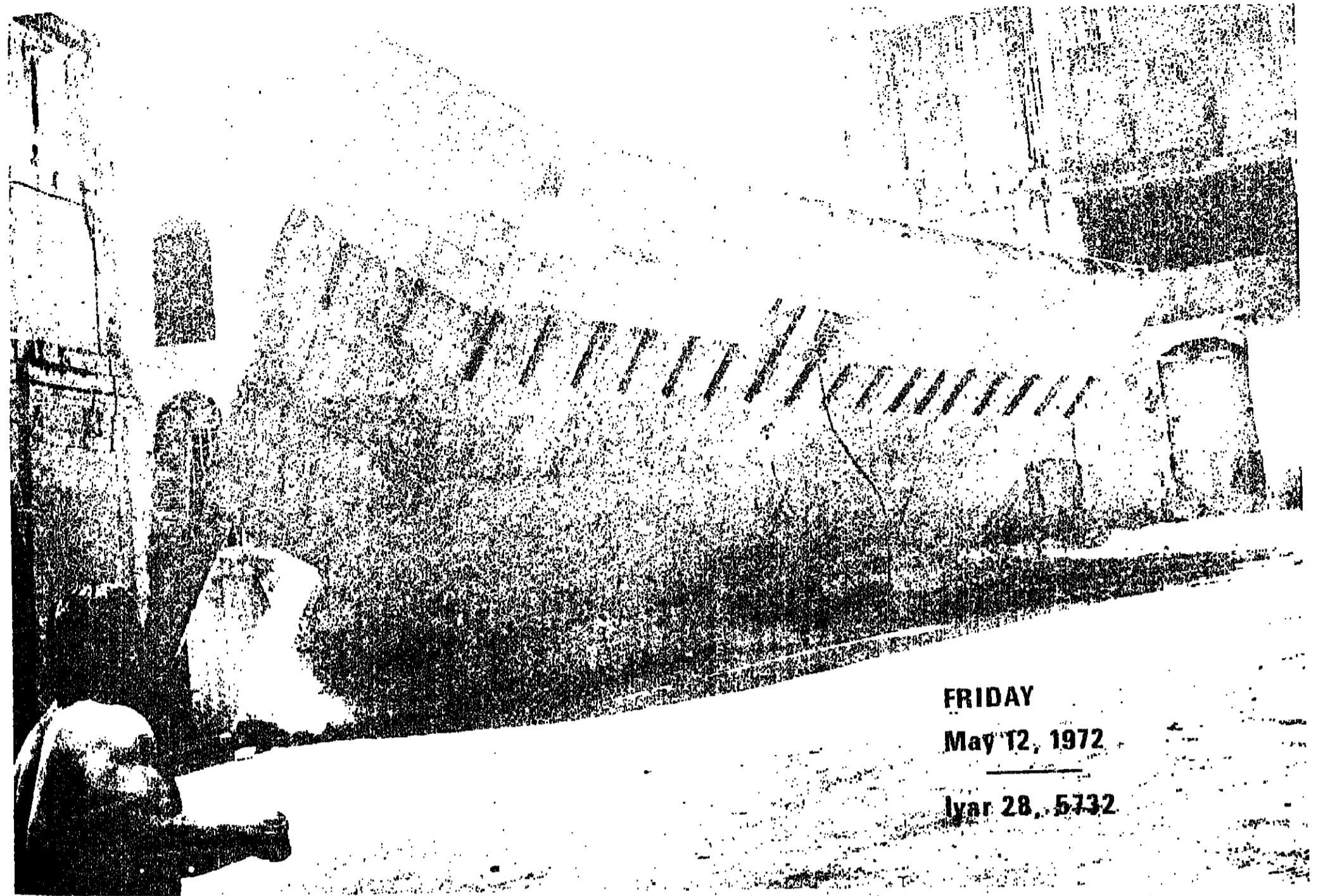
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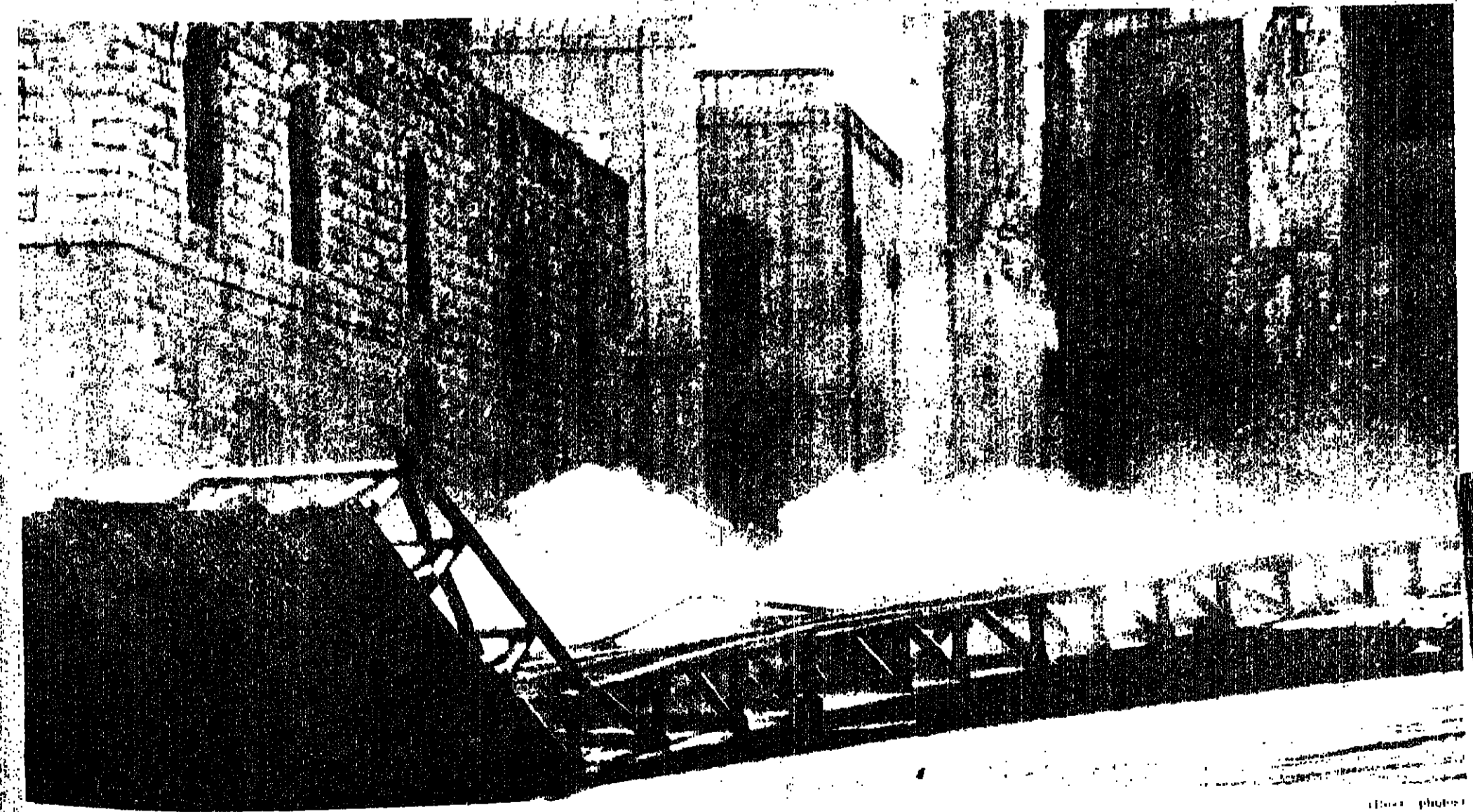
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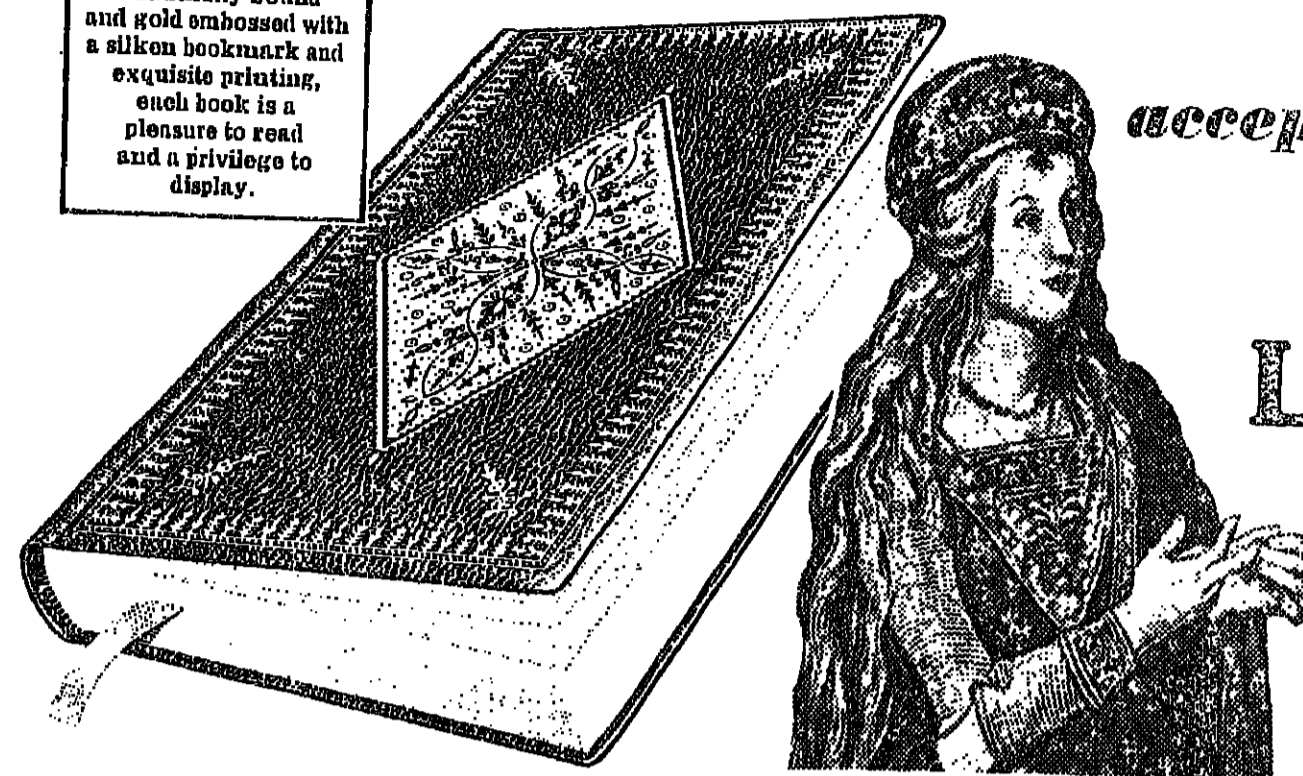
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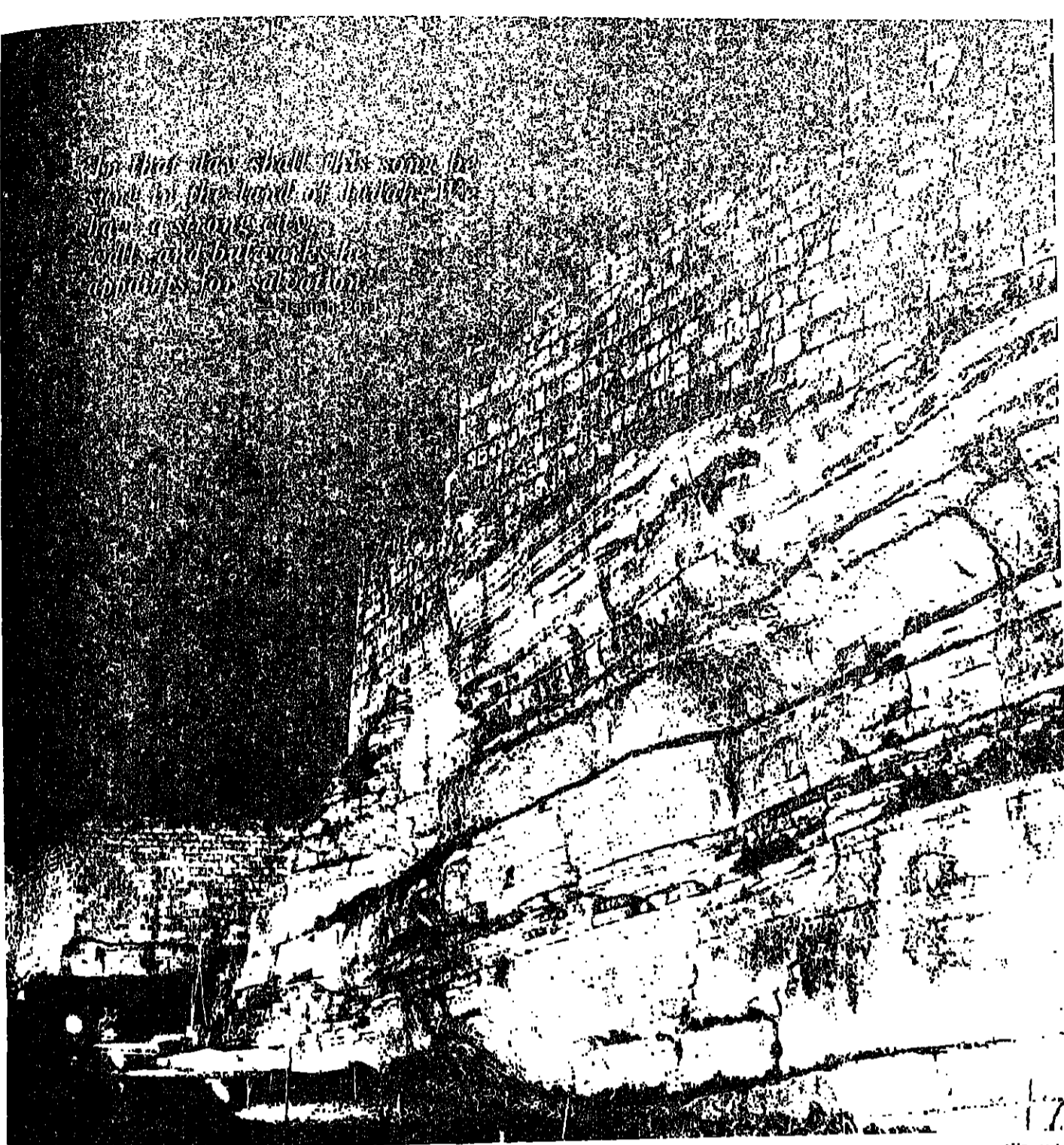
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JERUSALEM DAY

Yom Yerushalayim, Jerusalem Day, anniversary of the liberation of the Holy City on Iyar 28, 5727, "should be celebrated by the people of Israel as a Festival, with a festive meal and with rejoicing," the Chief Rabbi declared in March, 1968. "The restrictions of the Omer mourning period will be lifted on that day in consideration of the momentousness of the miracle which the Almighty wrought for his people in the liberation of Jerusalem."

... Jerusalem has a much deeper significance for me... something in my heart, something I feel... I know it was the source; it was the cornerstone for every Jew. Jerusalem is in fact a symbol of our entire history. It passes along the length of our history. And along this entire length it also served as the reference point. Jerusalem is not just an idea; it is a world that unfolds within itself everything.

The place on which Abraham had erected the altar was the same whereon Adam had brought the first sacrifice, and Cain and Abel had offered their gifts to God... the same whereon Noah raised an altar to God after he left the ark... and Abraham, who knew that it was the place appointed for the Temple, called it Yireh, for it would be the abiding place of the fear and the service of God. But as Shem had given it the name Shalem, Place of Peace, and God would not give offense to either Abraham or Shem, He united the two names, and called the city by the name Yerushalem — Jerusalem.

The cover of this special Jerusalem Day issue shows the silver wall in the woman's hand dividing East and West Jerusalem being pulled down in June, 1967. Jerusalem Day features inside include an excerpt from Abraham Rabinovich's new book about the Battle for Jerusalem, pages 19-21; a description of a day at the Western Wall, by Moshe Akiav Druck, page 17; a discussion of the city's water problems in the last century, by Avraham Rivlin, page 18; and a comment on the three festivals of Iyar, by L. I. Rabinowitz, page 18.

A CHANGING CITY

By ABRAHAM RABINOVICH
 Jerusalem Post Reporter

EYES OPEN IN GAZA — Philip Gilon and Anat Safadi get the views of Mayor Shai Rashed Shawa on the new situation in the Strip. Page 4.

ROMANIA REUNITED — Diplomatic Correspondent David Landau looks back on Mrs. Ceau's visit. Page 6.

WOODSTOCK A LA ISRAELI — A pictorial look at Students Day at Ein Feshka. Page 7.

IN THE BAG — Ephraim Kishon talks some laughs out of Touva's latest movie. Page 9.

THREE-RING DREAM — Georgian animal trainer tells of his plans to Robert Gray. Page 11.

TORA AND FLORA — by L.I. Rabinowitz. Page 32.

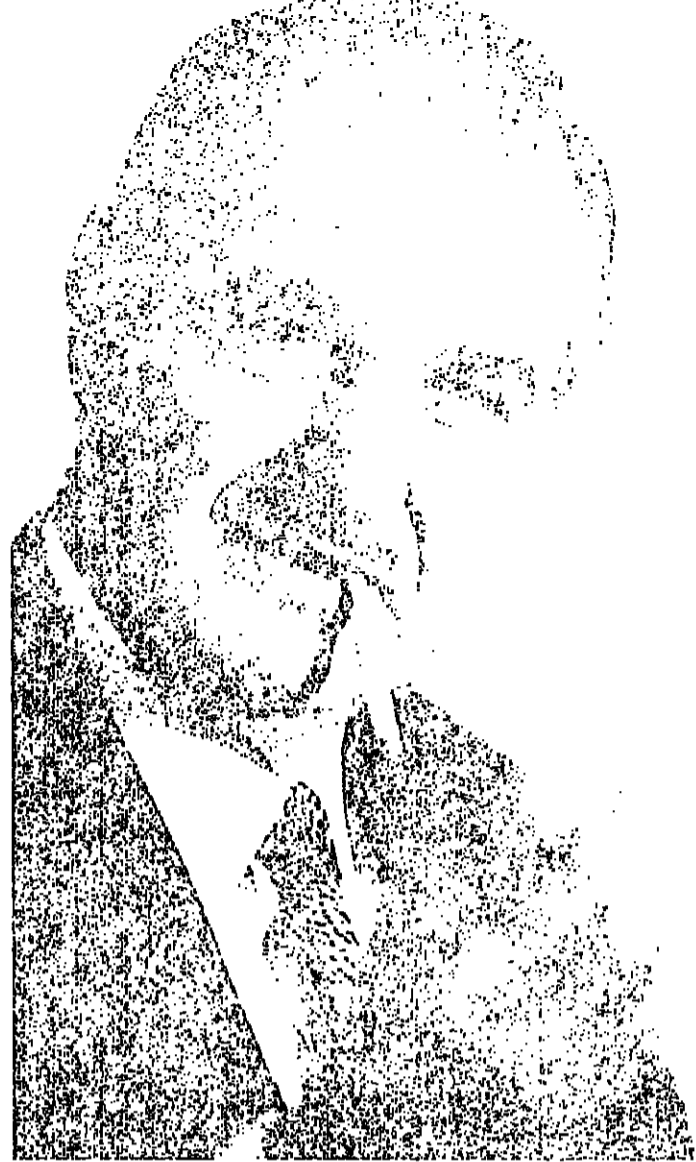
DEBUT BLUES — Martha Melchior reviews her Marketing with Maria (column with a problem that everyone talks about, but few do anything about, page 23. Other: "Youth to Youth", page 24; Garden "Hit for May", page 25; "New Paths" for summer fashion, page 27. Life in distress, page 28.

INDIAN VIEW OF AMERICAN HISTORY — Page 12. Other book reviews include Black Soul, page 13; Ideology and Israeli politics, page 14; Books about students, page 16; Children's books, page 16.

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT — Music and Musicians, by Yehoram Yehon, page 20; Readers of the Family, by Mendel Kohn, page 31; Art, pages 23-33; Radio-TV, page 34; Philip Gilon's "Television" page 35; What's On, pages 36-37; Cinema, page 38; Footer, page 38.

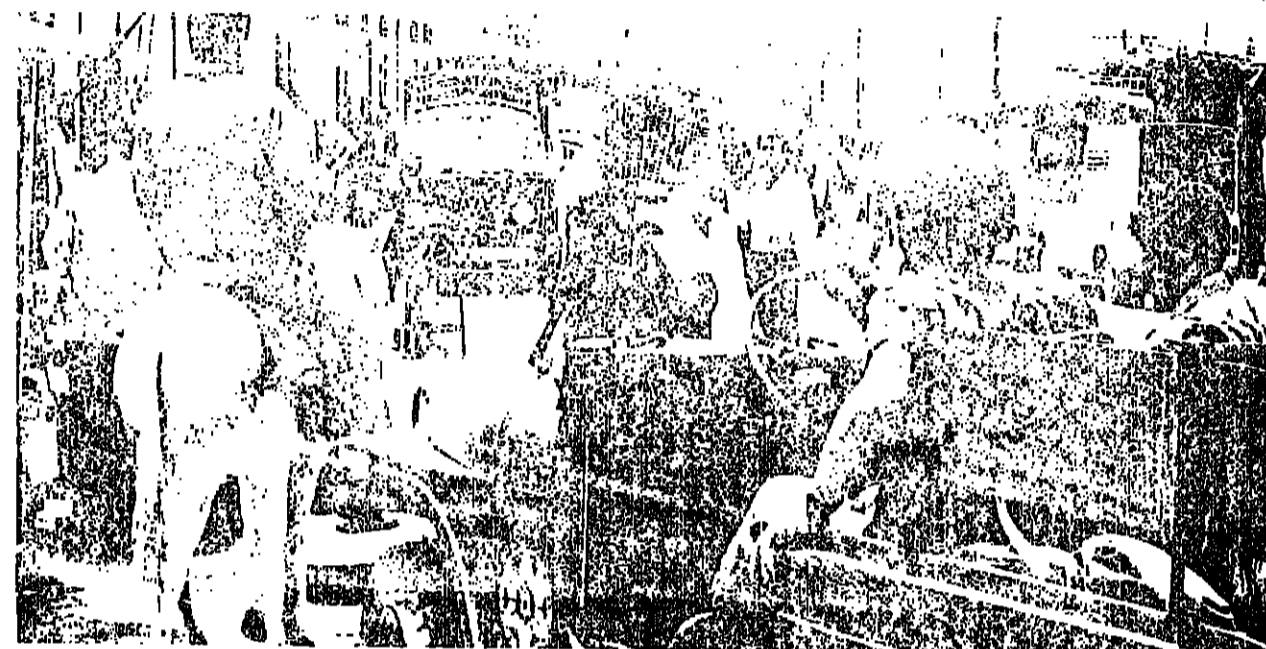
It is, amazingly, already half a decade since the concrete anti-sniper barricade near the foot of Jaffa Road was smashed to the ground, sending a cloud of dust drifting over what had just ceased to be no-man's-land. The dust has not yet settled, nor is it likely to for a long time. Beneath the clouds, the astonished eyes of its residents, Jerusalem is changing before the astonished eyes of its residents from a provincial backwater — a quiet town tucked away, gem-like, in the hills — into a burgeoning metropolis of a quarter-million that seems to be suffering from an overdose of pep pills.
 The horizon — almost any horizon in Jerusalem you care to scan — is punctured by cranes busily adding new rows of houses to the outermost reaches of the city. (Twelve thousand housing starts in the past five years, 15,000 planned for the next five.) Unfinished road-widening projects take on an air of permanency, drivers for getting after a year or two of maneuvering through the same worked-over stretch what the road looked like when it was narrow but intact.
 The population of the Capital grew from 286,000 at the end of 1967 to 300,000 at the end of 1971, about 73,000 of them East Jerusalemites. The three per cent annual increase is three times as much as Haifa's in the same period (Tel Aviv's population has declined). The downtown area has become so crowded that pedestrians find it difficult to get a foothold on the sidewalks of Ben Yehuda Street on a busy Friday morning.
 The city has had to learn to live with mass tourism. Tourists who used to "do" Jerusalem in a bus jaunt from Tel Aviv now prefer to stay over in Jerusalem. Six times as many as before the war do this.
 The man at the center of all this activity, Mayor Teddy Kollek, paused this week to discuss with reporters the five frenetic years that have passed since the city was united. The meeting took place on Tuesday, and with the drama at Lod Airport holding everyone's attention, the Mayor was not in as reflective a mood as he might have been. He did not attempt to analyse the Municipality's policy in East Jerusalem or measure its achievements. But he reiterated his proposal for a borough system such as London's, which would provide Arab residents with a considerable measure of self-government within the framework of a united city.
 Although a similar proposal had brought down the wrath of right-wing politicians on the head of Mr. Kollek's former adviser on East Jerusalem affairs, Meron Benvenisti, the Mayor said that no Jewish element opposed the proposal in principle. The objections, he said,

were made only on tactical grounds by persons who feared that this might be a step towards returning East Jerusalem to Jordan. Mr. Kollek objected strongly to any efforts by Israeli political parties — including his own Labour Party — to undertake political activity among the Arabs of East Jerusalem. More than 99 per cent of East Jerusalemites retain their Jordanian citizenship and therefore do not vote in Knesset elections. In Israel, he said, Knesset elections and not municipal elections are the focus of all political activity. In addition, no Arab who truly represents any faction would in the present political circumstances stand for election to the Municipal Council.
 "Anyone elected would be not from the second or third league but the 12th league. He would be somebody who would sit at council meetings and be photographed with a kefiya on his head to show how the Arabs are cooperating. We made this error with the Arabs of Israel after 1948. The intelligentsia was shoved aside and that created Rakshah."
 Touching on the problem of physical planning, which has proved to be one of the most controversial issues in post-Six Day War Jerusalem, Mr. Kollek insisted that a beautiful city was being created. He acknowledged that the beauty was not always evident at a casual glance, but only because major projects are still in the messy construction stage.
 "The ugliest sight in the city is the slope of Mount Scopus (where the Hebrew University campus is being rebuilt). But when I look at it I see it the way it will look when it's finished in a few year's time.
 The treatment of the Valley of the Cross, he said, will similarly prove to be an enviable urban solution when it is completed in two or three years, despite the controversy over the roadway cutting through it. A visitor recently complained about lack of greenery, but 13,000 trees planted in the past four years have not yet grown to mature height. "We have to see things in their potential," said the Mayor.
 Mr. Kollek said he opposed ringing the Old City with hotels. "They should be spread out in Bayit Vegan, Gilo, Neve Ya'akov and elsewhere." He called for a tourist tax to offset the 11.2m. the Municipality now spends each year on tourist facilities.
 "We're growing faster than Los Angeles. We should be concerned first with providing accommodation for people born in the city and then for immigrants. We shouldn't be trying to get people from other parts of the country to move here. I'm not trying to compete with Tel Aviv. We should be concerned with quality and content rather than numbers."



Gaza Mayor Haj Rashad Shawa (above), who took office last September, seven months after Mayor Ragheb el-Alami was dismissed by the military government for "hostile behaviour." At upper left, Military Police check identity card, but not exit permit, at Erez Checkpoint. Soldiers in jeep, at right, patrol busy street in city centre.

When Sanson was eyeless in Gaza, working at the mill with slaves, the only solution he could find for his problems was to destroy the great temple, himself with it. For a long time it seemed that modern Gaza was in as desperate a plight as the ancient hero. Recently, however, although political storms continued unabated, with regard to the future of Gaza, the security position improved so much that Defence Minister Moshe Dayan called off the system of permits needed for Gazans to cross into Israel. PHILIP GILLON and ANAN SAFADI went down to Gaza this week to discuss the new situation with Mayor HAJ RASHAD SHAWA.



Little sign of tension as soldiers stop to look in shop window, above; crates are loaded on lighters to be taken to ship in Gaza harbour, where Israelis are now building modern port facilities, upper right; children play in Sefna Square, until recently a terrorists' favourite spot for grenade ambushes. (Israel Sun-Gloria Salmi (2), Newsphoto (1).)



Egyptians, the Jordanians, and the terrorists. It is no small feat to have kept out of an Israel jail and to have escaped assassination. He laughs heartily. "Yet I manage to sleep well at night," he comments.

At first he objected to the new moves to make it easier for Gazans to cross into Israel because they thought they were designed to show the world that they were accepting *de facto* absorption into Israel. But he has modified his view, insofar as he welcomes anything that makes life easier for the people. He also thinks it is important for Israelis and Arabs to get to know each other better. "I hope our approval of the new regulations will not be interpreted by the world as an indication that we want normalization as a step towards our accepting annexation. Good relations, certainly — the only hope of a solution to the problem is good relations between the Israelis and the Palestinians. I can't visualize the Arab countries not endorsing any settlement which the two peoples make. They would be only too delighted to end all these wars and miseries with a just settlement between Israel and the Palestinians. That's the only authorities, his own people, the answer to the problem."

It, but she is not doing so. Instead of expelling people to make way for Jewish refugees who haven't come to the country yet, they should build and build for the refugees. I am sure that, if they were given adequate homes where they are many of them would give up the dream of getting back their homes in Israel. But it is up to the Israel authorities to take action.

It seems superfluous to ask if he is against Jewish settlement in the Gaza Strip.

"Of course. This will only make things more difficult when we come to discuss a settlement. Now Israel has expelled people from 100,000 dunams of land, without making provision for them in advance. This hardly builds up confidence. I repeat: we object, and we will always object, to Israel taking over the Gaza Strip. My objections are based on two grounds: nationalist and humanitarian. In the long run, I am sure that Israel will realize that we are two peoples and that we should each live in our own homes. We have different styles of living. Mutual respect will lead to peace."

Mayor Shawa has never made any secret of his opinions. A few months ago a terrorist leader, Ziyad Hussein, committed suicide in the Mayor's home, where he had been given sanctuary. Mr. Dayan decided not to hold it against the Mayor. Now that he has criticized so openly the policies of Galili and others, some Israel correspondents have been demanding that he should be muzzleed — Dayan reported that the Mayor could say or do anything he liked, as long as he did not involve himself in subversive activity.

"When Dayan approved of my taking the job of Mayor, I told him exactly what my views were. I also said that I did not see the function of the Mayor of Gaza as being just to attend to water, sewage, schools and so on; he has to represent the people. Dayan demurred at first, then he agreed. I do my job according to my lights."

It seems to be a family trait. His brother, Rashid Shawa, was Mayor of Gaza during the Sinai Campaign. When the Egyptians returned to the Strip, they humiliated and imprisoned him. A short time later, he died of illness in a London hospital. The opinions which brought all this upon him probably were not very different from those that Rashad Shawa is expressing today.

(Continued from page 4)

Gaza could provide a safety valve. Already most of the cement comes to Israel through Gaza. But long-term considerations require that we have our economic ties with the Arab states, rather than Israel. I visualize Gaza industries manufacturing for all the Arab countries: we have a lot of skills here. I can't see us competing with Israel industries for Israel markets. Then our main export is citrus — of our 150,000 tons, half goes to Arab countries through Jordan. The rest we send to Western Europe, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia through the Israel Citrus Marketing Board.

Where does the refugee problem fit into his proposals for a solution?

"A Palestinian state cannot solve the entire problem, but it would go a long way towards solving it, if the refugees were given adequate compensation. I think most of them would be satisfied to remain where they are, if villages were built for them. Between 1948 and 1967, Israel talked and talked about the Arabs doing nothing to settle the refugee problem: now Israel has a chance to tackle

How would he develop Gaza if he could have his own way?

"Gaza could become the main port for the Gaza Strip, the West Bank and Jordan — we could even serve countries as far away as the Persian Gulf. The road from the east, across the mountains to Beirut, is closed for two or three months a year owing to snow."

Moshe Dayan has given him the green light to develop the port, has he not?

"Israel seems quite keen on the port, but, again, for the welfare of Israel, rather than of the Palestinians. Israel needs an alternative to Haifa and Ashdod, which are closed so often through strikes.

made by means of a referendum on the West Bank and in the Strip."

How about relations between the Gazans and Arabs in other states?

"As I said, the Arabs only came into the picture when they tried to help us gain our independence. Between '48 and '67 Gaza couldn't go into Egypt without visas. They couldn't settle there. After Israel expelled a lot of people in June, 1967, they were allowed to settle in Egypt, some got back under the Reunion of Families Plan. We have many that with Arab countries; there is not one person in Gaza who does not have relations in Kuwait, Jordan, Egypt, Lebanon. No fewer than 10,000 Gazans are students abroad half of them in Egypt — Egypt gives them free education."

Since 1967, many people from Gaza have been crossing to work in Israel. Are not close economic ties developing with Israel? Is the Strip becoming prosperous as workers bring home their earnings?

"I am not sure that it is a true prosperity, or that in the long run it will prove to be good for us. The future may prove that it would have been better for us to develop through contacts with other Arab lands. According to the Government, 20,000 workers cross into Israel through the border exchange: I estimate that a further 20,000 work in Israel, out going through the exchange. But, unfortunately, as we see things here, Israel is only using the Gazans as a source of cheap power. The moment there is an economic slowdown in Israel, the first workers to be dismissed are the Arabs. So there can be no true prosperity based on the wages of the labourers going to Israel. We should develop our own

What about federation with Israel?

"It is too early to discuss this."

But how will Jordan and the Gaza Strip form a geographical unit without Israel being firmly in the picture, since there is no land link between the Strip and Jordan?

"I think Israel should surrender sufficient territory to give us a strip linking Gaza to the West Bank."

His proposal has certain elements of King Hussein's plan, except that he is not proposing that the Palestinian State should be subject to the King.

"I agree with his plan in principle, but of course with reservations. The Palestinians cannot be second-class citizens, as they obviously were in the past. His plan should be closely studied as a possible basis for a new approach. Decisions about it should be

— but then, I don't know, can you do it forever? Do Israelis want their children, their grand-children, and great-grand-children, to remain under arms?

"Israel should try to gain the friendship of the Palestinians. I am firmly convinced, despite all the bitterness, that most Israelis want peace. Getting the friendship of the Palestinians is a more important way of gaining peace than all the secure borders in the world. You can't make friends by force; you do it through mutual respect between two nations."

We note that he is talking all the time about two nations, the Israelis and the Palestinians. Does this mean that he sees the quarrel as really between them, not between Israel and all the Arabs?

"Fundamentally, the issue is between Israelis and Palestinians. When the Palestinians could not stand up against the Israelis, the Zionists and their friends, they turned for help to other Arabs. Incidentally, one of the bad results of what happened was that the Arab states were pushed into the arms of Soviet Russia. We Arabs are really much closer to the West."

What solution is he suggesting — returning the Gaza Strip to Egypt, which held it from 1948 to 1967?

"The Gaza Strip is not part of Egypt. The Egyptians never claimed that it was. It is not part of the Egyptian mainland. But, of course, annexation by Israel would be worse than return to Egypt."

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Eyes open in Gaza

GAZANS going to Israel no longer need travel permits, no a lone military policeman stood inspecting the identity cards of people crossing the Erez checkpoint, on the northern edge of the Gaza Strip. He waves us on, and we head towards Gaza along a new road running between green orchards. Not far away are two refugee camps, which until recently were infested with the saboteurs active in the region before the security crackdown.

We reach Gaza proper, squeezing our car between local vehicles across the main streets, crowded with shoppers. We spot no other cars with Israeli number plates.

The authorities have not relaxed their vigilance: border policemen stand within shouting distance of each other, jeeps carrying other border police stand at crossroads. Nevertheless, the people seem to go happily enough about their business. Some men move here and there in quick steps, others sit outside shops along the main streets: some women carry their wicker baskets on their heads, others use plastic shopping bags.

In the Municipality, we find Mayor Haj Rashad Shawa — a tall, broadshouldered, striking-looking man who talks impeccable English — in a good mood, because he sees some grains of hope in the latest statement made in the Knesset by Minister without Portfolio Israel Galili.

"This statement was a little more sensible, a little less wild, than his original statement," declares the Mayor hopefully. "He pointed out that there has been no decision by the Israel Government to annex the Gaza Strip. This new announcement leaves the road open to bargaining. Israel wants to put pressure on the Arabs, but this is quite different from outright annexation, or saying that the Gaza Strip is as Jewish as Tel Aviv."

"Naturally our views — the views of myself and the inhabitants of the Gaza Strip — have not changed one iota. We oppose any idea of annexation. Gaza is our homeland, an Arab homeland. We realize that it is out of the question to consider resistance to Israel by force — all resistance is crushed; it has been completely crushed by the authorities," Haj Shawa stresses. "But we intend to use every proper and legal means to make our views known to the world. We want self-determination, and we believe that in the long run, world public opinion will help us achieve it. Israel can't just annex the Strip against the wish of its inhabitants."

If Israel should decide unilaterally on annexation of the Gaza Strip, or some status very similar to annexation, does he think public opinion will help the Gazans prevent such a decision being put into effect?

"Israel is now in power, and she has the strength even to throw the inhabitants out of the area if she decides to do so," the Mayor says.

Palestinians

He emphasizes that Israel should concentrate on establishing grounds for a settlement with the Palestinians. "If she does not promote a settlement the conflicts will drag on for years — dozens of years, scores of years, even hundreds of years — with Israel under arms all the time. You can run a police state, 10, 20, 30 years

— but then, I don't know, can you do it forever? Do Israelis want their children, their grand-children, and great-grand-children, to remain under arms?

"Israel should try to gain the friendship of the Palestinians. I am firmly convinced, despite all the bitterness, that most Israelis want peace. Getting the friendship of the Palestinians is a more important way of gaining peace than all the secure borders in the world. You can't make friends by force; you do it through mutual respect between two nations."

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Mrs. Meir listens as Mr. Maurer makes a point. Moshé Miller

The drama of the Italian report and reasons this week overhauled much of the burgeoning speculation about Prime Minister's Meir's visit in Rumania. Diplomatic correspondent DAVID LANDAU sums up what happened in Bucharest.

"ARRAYNGEZOCT!" This was how a man-in-the-know described Premier Meir's 12 hours of talks with Rumania's top political leaders, President Nicolae Ceausescu and Prime Minister Ion Gheorghe Maurer.

Arrayngzoct is one of those untranslatable Yiddish expressions: roughly rendered, it means letting somebody know exactly what you think, making your point forcefully, not cushioning your verbal blows in woolly wordery. This is, of course, Mrs. Meir's natural style, especially when speaking English — almost her mother-tongue — as she did in Rumania.

A similar hint as to the tenor of the talks came from Yohanan Cohen, the head of the Foreign Ministry's Eastern Europe section, who accompanied the Prime Minister to Rumania. The Rumanians, said Mr. Cohen, did not accept Israel's position on "secure borders" — but Messrs. Ceausescu and Maurer had certainly acquired a "much fuller understanding" of that position after their talks with the Prime Minister.

RUMANIA'S motivation is perhaps the most interesting aspect in analyzing the episode Rumania's foreign policy has provided grist for the mills of political pundits for some time. Few governments pursue a more daring or intriguing statecraft. At home the rules of Rumania are quite as absolutist as the Russians and other Soviet bloc regimes. But abroad, they insist on their independence from the Kremlin, maintaining and fostering their relations with China and America as well as with Russia, and with Israel as well as with the Soviet clients in the Middle East.

Demonstration

The invitation to Mrs. Meir and President Ceausescu's visit to Cairo which preceded it were a demonstrative expression of Rumania's independence (experts in Jerusalem discount the theory that the Russians were behind the initiative) and at the same time a striking exercise in world-wide "even-handed" diplomacy.

If the experts are right in assuming that the Rumanian initiative was not Soviet-inspired — and their view seems borne out by the fact that the Russian news media first mentioned Mrs. Meir's trip only this week — then the Rumanians were cocking a snoot at Moscow — and by the same token ingratiating themselves with Peking. (The principle being that any Communist state which fails to toe the Moscow line is automatically playing up to Peking.) This was doubtless another consideration weighing on Rumania when it took the initiative.

Apart from the Soviets and China, there were two other targets whom Mr. Ceausescu and Mr. Maurer were seeking to impress with their statesmanship and standing on the international stage: the U.S. Government, and

their own public at home. Despite the numerous American newsmen covering the Goida visit, the worsening Vietnam situation kept it largely out of the headlines in America. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the Administration duly noted the diplomatic coup which Ceausescu pulled off, and Rumania's prestige and importance duly rose in Washington's estimation.

Nor is Rumania's aim here confined to recognition or prestige. The Rumanians would like the U.S. to treat them as it treats the other "independents" in the Eastern bloc, Yugoslavia. The treatment in the case of Yugoslavia translates into millions of dollars of aid and technical assistance.

In the Middle East itself, Rumania's aim is almost naively simple: to help promote peace and prevent war. Peace would mean, the Rumanians hope, a reduction in Soviet military penetration of the region which is a source of acute discomfort to them, both strategically and politically. The stronger Soviet imperialism becomes, the weaker the Rumanians feel themselves.

When Deputy Foreign Minister Macoveanu arrived with the invitation, there could be no question of refusing it. The "go anywhere, meet anyone" policy was being put to the test. If Israel believed she had a case to state — she must go to Bucharest and state it. Again, Israel had always promised to be "a good listener" when the time came. President Ceausescu had just returned from Cairo and he wanted to talk about it: Mrs. Meir must go and listen.

There were important positive considerations too. Even granted Rumania's "special" position, a visit by Mrs. Meir to Bucharest would be the first ever of an Israeli premier to a Communist state. And the flourishing relations of trade and cooperation with Israel's sole "window to the East" must be fostered and strengthened.

THERE were few illusions in Jerusalem when Mrs. Meir left. Press speculation of meetings having been arranged with Arab, Russian or even Chinese politicians was treated as no more than speculation. And whatever Sadat had said to Ceausescu, he had obviously not given him a carte blanche to negotiate on his behalf.

Rumanian position

The Rumanian Government's own position on the Middle East — much closer to Egypt's than to Israel's — was also well known. The Rumanians had declared time and again that they opposed the annexation of territory taken by force: their interpretation of Security Council Resolution 242 is total Israeli withdrawal. Their motivation here is rooted largely in self-interest and in their own history. The Rumanians claim that Russia has annexed Bukovina

and Bessarabia which rightfully belong to them (the areas changed hands repeatedly in recent history). They conduct an ongoing but one-sided dialogue with the Soviet Union for the return of these lands (the Russians simply ignore them). If the Israelis could be persuaded to withdraw from Arab territories — in return for suitable guarantees of their security — this would be a valuable precedent of "non-annexation" to be used in the argument with the Russians. But whether the Israelis can be persuaded or not, the Rumanians for their part must continue to oppose annexation — for consistency's sake at least.

On the other hand, the Rumanians have always staunchly supported the need for negotiations between the parties to a dispute; they are solidly against imposed solutions by the great powers. This, of course, is the central plank of Israel's platform, though here too Rumania is motivated by her own self-interest. If the world is to be managed by the great powers, then there will be no room for free-thinking little powers like Rumania. Hence the chorused assertion that small nations must control their own fates. Hence too Rumania's persistent efforts to form some sort of union of Baltic states, wherein the small powers of that area could work out their own regional problems.

This championing of the independence of small states coupled with a wariness of big-power dictation — in which outlook Rumania is so akin to Israel — was the peg upon which Mrs. Meir hung her hopes. Given her persuasive personality, she felt she could get Ceausescu to see firstly Israel's honest desire for peace, and secondly the need for negotiations directly with Egypt in order to achieve it.

On the crucial issue of "secure borders," surely Ceausescu, could be made to see — though perhaps not to admit he saw — that there was some justice in Israel's equating "secure" with "defensible." The memory of the Rape of Czechoslovakia — which Rumania bravely opposed — is comparatively fresh; Ceausescu must know how worthless even internationally recognized borders are when a great power decides to ignore them, or encourage its lackeys to trample over them. A

But, of course, what the Rumanians say publicly proves nothing at all. They may well have shifted their true position, moved by Mrs. Meir's persuasion. When they report back to President S. Choslovskii — which Rumania may well try to make him too see the reason of some of the known how worthless even internationally recognized borders are when a great power decides to ignore them, or encourage its lackeys to trample over them. A

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Crowd gives a standing ovation for performers, who included Arik Einstein and Yohoram thau.

WOODSTOCK AL LA ISRAELI



Soft drinks replaced soft drugs at the Israeli version of the Woodstock rock festival on Tuesday, when more than 5,000 young people abandoned the campus of the Hebrew University to idyll away their annual Student Day at Ein Feshka. Students soaked up the sun, and the sounds of a wide variety of artists from Israel and abroad. Stars of the show were a 23-member troupe of Black Hebrews from Dimona, who blew a deeper blue than the waters of the nearby Dead Sea.



Black Hebrew 'Soul Messengers' work up a sweat.



Too nice a day for politics, so anti-police signs are discarded.



Soaking up the sun, and the sound.

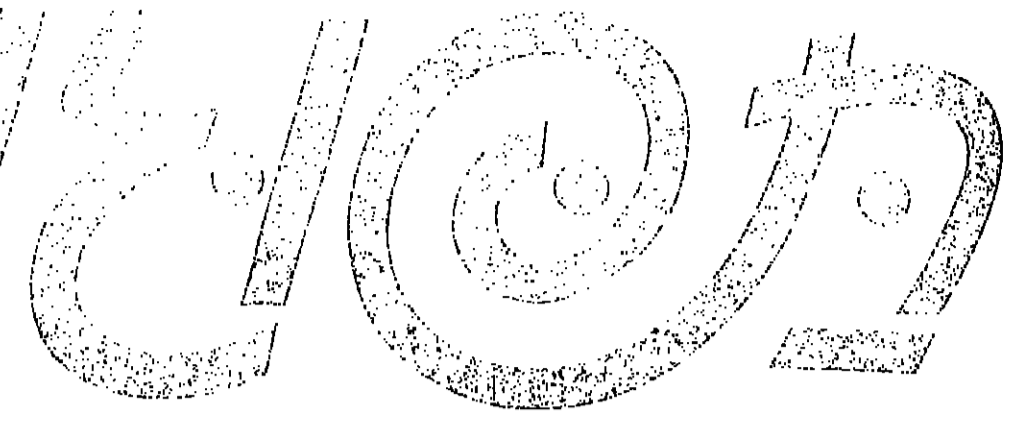


Putting all she's got into her song, and playing her autoharp.



Object of intense interest is Henry Miller book.

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TAPUGAN — QUICK-FROZEN FRIED CHIPS YOU CAN REALLY ENJOY!



TAKING advantage of the fact that both the wife and myself were abroad, the Thruva Dairy Company took a diabolical step intended to under-
 mine our happy marriage. The plot became apparent in all its despatch on the first night after our return, when the little one raised me from my deepest slumber:

"Get up," she shook me, "come down to the kitchen!" I followed her blindly, my eyes glued together by sleep. Our trustworthy old electric refrigerator stood there in its corner quite helpless, and from under its door there oozed a stream of pasteurized milk. The little one opened the door wide and showed me the latest invention of the Nutrition Department, the milk bag introduced to replace the bottle which had failed so dismally for the past 2,000 years.

"What was wrong with bottles?" the woman shrieked. "For these bags they will have to redesign the refrigerator..." Disregarding my openly displayed lethargy, the little one proceeded to give me a demonstration of what she had in mind. She placed a number of bags upright. They maintained that pose for a few seconds only, then collapsed like a boxer who had just absorbed a right hook to his jaw and — plach — spread out on the sheet. One of them, a bulging fat fellow, started dripping briskly from its side. Milk will out, as the Bard said. And all this at dead of night.

"Excess liquidity," I declared with closed eyes. "I'll see Sanbar about it in the morning."

* * *

NEXT day, at 8 p.m., I was watching the Vietnam war on Mabat. The Southern army is routed. Ching Fo in flames. "Another one has blown up."

The woman displays another limp bag, dangling on her finger. Her eyes are blazing.

"If you cut a wide opening, it's a cataract," she hisses. "If the opening is narrow, it takes an hour to fill a glass. And all the cream sticks to

the plastic on top. Didn't you notice that there is no cream whatsoever in the milk you drink?"

"No," I admitted, "but from now on I watch out for it." U.S. bombers are taking off on the screen. Russia warns Nixon.

"Its colour also runs," the wife discloses. "Come!" We go back to the kitchen. Our refrigerator seems to be celebrating French Week. The white shelves are besmeared in alternately blue and red colours.

"The lettering peels off remarkably," thus the wife, "and as for the jug, it's a real catastrophe..."

What happens is this: the refrigerated bag is always wet on the outside, because of the cruel laws of physics, and at the bottom of the jug, the

IN THE BAG

By EPHRAIM KISHON



The little one then related how one of her friends, a die-hard bottle-lover, a few days ago had inadvertently stepped on a wet bag lying on the kitchen floor and had broken her ankle in two places. Her husband had rung up the hospital almost incoherent with alarm. "Hello," the man shouted, "my wife slipped on some thing. Send an ambulance!" "O.K.," the hospital replied, "but next time put the bag in the fridge!"

Wise guys. On Wednesday I was again awakened at crack of dawn. The little one was standing in front of the open refrigerator, her eyes burning with insane fury.

"Attention!" she roared at the miserable creatures. "Stand up!"

They were lying on their sides, trembling. I dragged the raving woman to the window. The sky was glowing red with reflected bonfires. It was two days after Lag Ba Omer, Foca Hiraah night.

"Woman," I said to her, "all over the city people are burning documents, the invaders will strike at dawn, and you are messing about with milk?"

"Those were the days," the wife's glance swept the horizon when it was the milkman who awakened you at 6 a.m. and not the commandos..."

only device which keeps the bag in a reasonable position, there quickly accumulates a small puddle which drips into the glass together with the milk. And all this in a country headed by a woman!

"You thought you were drinking milk, did you?" the wife jeered. "What you are drinking my dear, is pasteurized water."

"O.K.," I lowered my tired eyes. "I'll switch to tea."

* * *

ADMITTEDLY I am somewhat indifferent to bag problems. But the little one is burning up with hatred. She hates Thruva, the Jug, Dr. Pasteur, milk, and the Mafia. It's practically paranoic. Indeed the situation is difficult. We have a single pair of beat-up

scissors in our house, and my son Amir always takes them for cutting up wrappers for his thousands of copybooks. That evening I chewed a small spurture into a bag, using only my bared fangs. Then I wiped the floor, and by the time the wife returned home, I had changed my clothes and was all smiles and in an excellent mood. Sometimes we saw off the top of the bag with a sharp kitchen-knife and that is something awful. "This pasteurized bag," the wife curses "costs exactly 32 or 64 agoras

I don't know which, in other words you've got to buy five if you don't want to fill your pocket with small change. The crooks! We always paid our milkman a good round sum and he never returned any change! We simply didn't know how good we had it."

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ALEX'S RESTAURANT

FONTAINEBLEAU

by HAZA PAPP

IT'S NAME HAS A FRENCH SOUND TO IT.

And a French history, too. But, other than that, every bit of it is Tel Avivian, and it's rather young, too. Approximately 9 years old. Founded on the old memories of a drapery shop, it was named after a swanky hotel in Florida, in the South-Eastern part of the United States. "Fontainebleau." As simple as that. And, as simple as that, in Rehov Dizengoff, in the North-Western part of Tel Aviv, a drapery shop had become something else. An exclusive restaurant, with lots of glamour and glitter and style, for people who liked glamour and glitter and style. And good food. And good drinks. And pastry. All kinds of pastry. "Fontainebleau."

But, to Alex, it is even younger than that. To Alex it is only 9 months old. It was that long ago that he took it over, and tuned it some — like he does to his guitar; and tried it some — like he does with his music; and changed

mirror which reflects much love on all those who look in it — including the fresh flowers in their colourful vases; and a red, wall-to-wall carpet, humbly responding to the waiters' (7 in all) elegant footsteps, and to their "yes-please" whippers. And lamps, with stylishly striped shades matching the stylishly striped seat upholstery; and table sets — each food with its own original set; each drink with the right kind of glass, or cup.

And Alex, whose gypsy wanderings around the world — between Turkey and Alaska, and from Denmark to Japan — have taught him what's best for people of good class, who want a good time.

And, Alex, too, is something different than what one might expect of a restaurant — pardon, restaurant-cafe! — owner.

One might expect a guy with a southern past of pots and pans, who had recently climbed up north, to a present of a big balding head, a big



"With his wife Divra and baby-boy Ariel, and the guitar... It is something else, indeed."

Toriani (foreign grown), Yoram Gaon, Arik Einstein and Hava Albertstein (home grown).

And, now, his music is in "Fontainebleau." Here, he has a wide range of light meals, main courses and various delicacies to improvise with. Here, he concocts every now and then new, exciting compositions, always keeping a close ear on the consistency of the melodic line — that is, good taste.

His current studio is the modern kitchen of "Fontainebleau" rebuilt and renovated according to Alex's own design — shining and glimmering with the dominance of stainless steel. Fourteen freezing units carry there a praising hymn to soups and gravies and spreads and meats, to drinks and beverages and ice-creams. All kinds of. Gigantic ovens, grills and cookers hum there

an endless song of warmth and glow to the sparkling pots, while all the gas stoves harmonize with joy and happiness under the presence of the famous "Fontainebleau" hors-d'oeuvres.

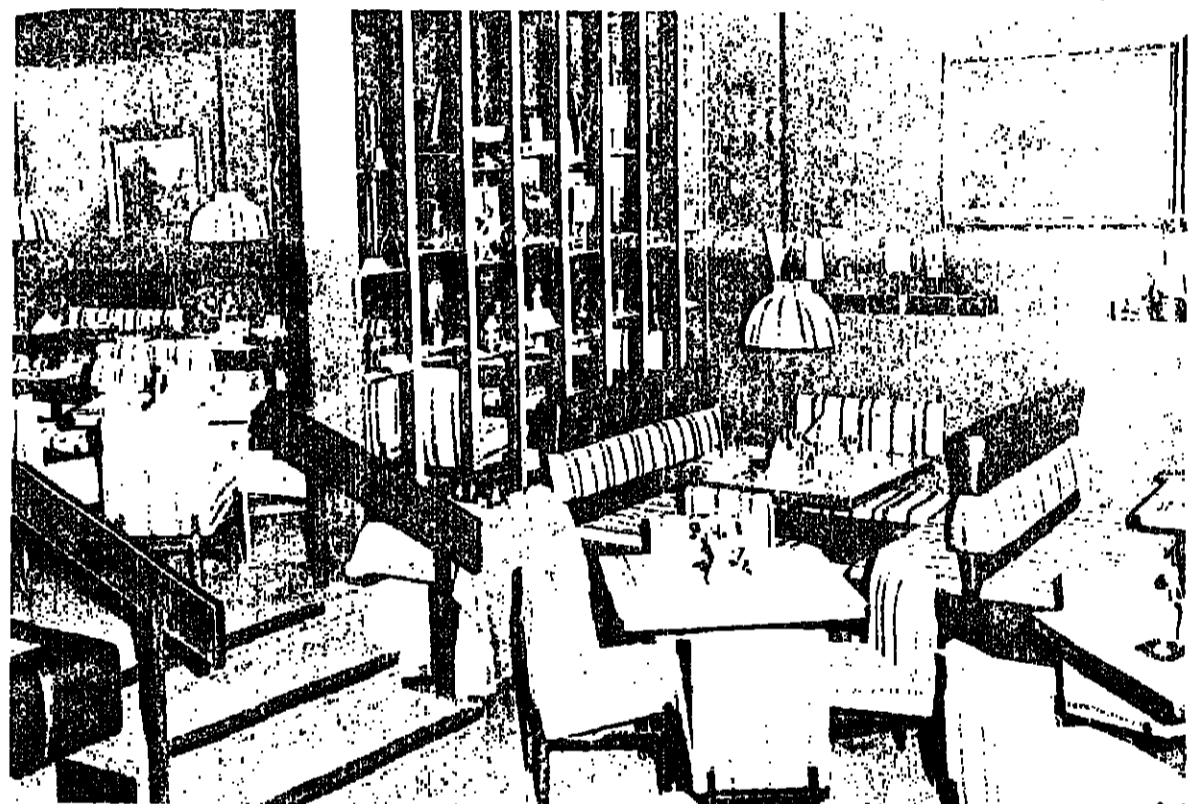
This is a true "melting pot" for Israel's who's-who and what-nots, who come here to enjoy the "real thing"; artists, businessmen (who come for executive meals, for special prices), stage people and public officials, young couples and mothers, who come for a 10-o'clock cup of tea or coffee, and pastry (home-made only, if you please).

Soon, the curtain will go up on the entire culinary performance. And that's when the young conductor will speak out, to meet his wife Divra, and his baby-boy Ariel, and the guitar.

And that, of course, is something else indeed.



"The modern kitchen of 'Fontainebleau'... shining and glimmering with the dominance of stainless steel."



"And a private little table facing a mirror which reflects much love on all those who look in it."

it some — like he does with his harmonies. And, now, it is something else again. No longer an exclusive restaurant, but rather, a restaurant-cafe. "Fontainebleau." On Rehov Dizengoff. Under the very nose of "Armon-David," which, too, is about to become something else. And at a distance of just one piece of apple strudel from the famous "Stern" — to which it is also related family-wise. "Fontainebleau."

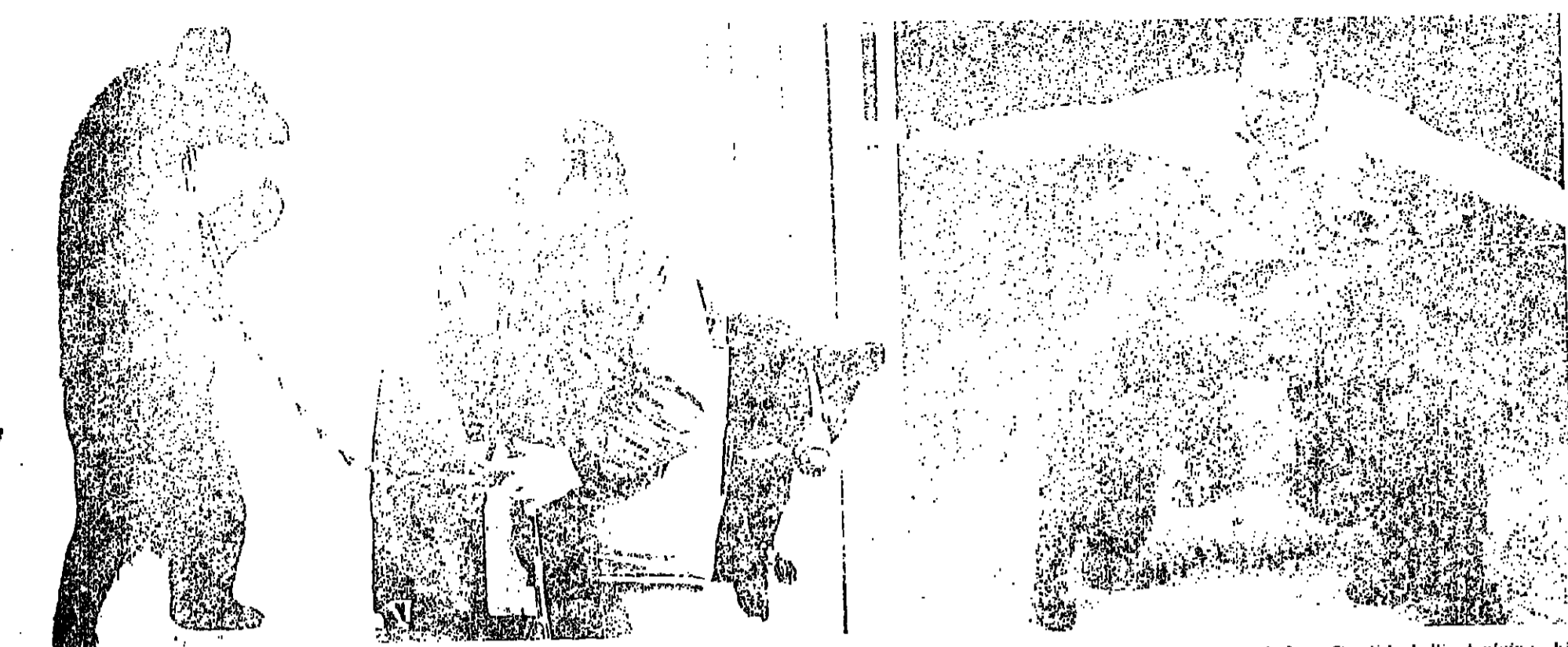
A restaurant-cafe it is, then. And it's Alex's. And what does it all mean?

"It means," says Alex, Alex Kerten, that is, "that the fine taste and high style are still there, but without the undue excess of, say, a chef imported from overseas. And the scene

and feel like a king on just a cup of coffee of any kind, or tea of any place (like China, Ceylon, India or England), and cake — home-made only, if you please; he may have lunch or dinner of a modest Cannetoni order, or Spaghetti, and have a wonderful time at the restaurant-cafe."

Getting nothing more? "What do you mean 'nothing more'?" says Alex. "Getting a lot more. Just as if he ordered Filet Mignon avec Chasseur. He'll get wonderful service, warm atmosphere and a worldly gastronomic pleasure, for a non-astronomical price." And a romantic little bar, with the sound of soft music, politely integrated into the sounds of forks and spoons; and a private little table, facing a

belly, and a big bank account. A bank account, he may, indeed, be hiding somewhere. But, nowhere under his short-cropped boyish hair, can one detect the slightest sign of baldness; which brings us right to the belly: it is hopelessly missing in those pencil-thin pants he wears, which can hardly contain all of his 27 years or so — of which not a one was spent around pots and pans. Songs, are much more like it. For, Alex Kerten, a Sabra of Czech descent, who grew up on a very rich diet of bass and guitar music (papa Kerten is bassist of the Israeli Chamber Ensemble), had the pleasure of accompanying some of the famous radio and stage voices, including: Harry Belafonte, Rita Pavone, Vlcki



Shalva Tavidashvili has barely learned Hebrew during his five months in Israel. Most of the time the former animal trainer for the Moscow State Circus is preoccupied with his dream of establishing a circus in Israel. He outlined his plans to Robert Gary.

A three-ring dream

IMMIGRANTS come to Israel with many different dreams. But few arrive with the dream of Shalva Tavidashvili, lately of Moscow and Tbilisi.

"I'm going to set up a circus, a first-rate circus of international repute, an Israeli State Circus with a dozen different variety acts: clowns, acrobats, animals, everything, even better than we had at the Russian State Circus, and that's the best in the world."

He knows that others before him have tried and failed. "But believe me, the Tel Aviv Cinerama is going to have its circus!"

And as he paces about his modest but comfortably furnished room at the Beit Brodetsky Absorption Centre in Ramat Aviv, avidly and logically outlining his plans in a jumble of broken Hebrew, broken English and broken German, his confidence proves infectious; you are convinced that the dream will be fulfilled. For Tavidashvili is not only a Jew from Georgia; he is also a professional animal trainer. He combines two unconquerable qualities: the obstinate persistence of the Georgians and the endless patience of the trainer of wild animals.

"The basic ingredient for success of the circus, or anything else for that matter, is professionalism. And you only achieve that by work, discipline and more work. We also need some money equipment. Yes, the Jewish Agency is helping a little, but one always has the feeling that the Israelis aren't really interested in Kallura." And culture, to him, means the circus.

Varied talents
The 46-year-old Tavidashvili told his widowed mother at the age of four that he planned to become a watch repairman, auto mechanic, athlete and actor.

"And I did just that," he says. He also became an outstanding water polo player, winning the Soviet title of Master of Sports. He even had time to become an accomplished ballroom dancer. "This was actually very revolutionary in pre-World War II Soviet Georgia," he remarks with a laugh. "Salon dancing was considered immoral, but I couldn't overcome my passion for music, movement — and women, of course."

He later attended the local dramatic studio. "I acted a little on the stage, appeared briefly in five films, but didn't feel I was moving ahead fast enough," he notes. Twenty-three years ago he decided to enter the world of the circus. He moved to Moscow and studied under two of the world's most prominent animal trainers, Vladimir Durov and Valentin Filatov.

How does one train animals? "Lots of patience, lots of firmness and some talent." He specializes in the training of bears and dogs. "The bears should be three to four months old when you start to train them. They are smart and with the right teacher can pick up a number of tricks in a few months: bicycling, dancing and pushing a baby carriage."

While acquiring the art of training animals, he was also appearing in various roles as a clown and Master of Ceremonies. He later developed into a director and instructor of aspiring animal trainers.

"It was a very good life," observes Tavidashvili without any hint of nostalgia. "A three-room apartment in Moscow, another in Kiev, and two cars: a Mercedes and a Volga. Best of all was the constant travelling — all over the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, of course, but also throughout Western Europe, North and South America, as well as the Far East."

During his travels Tavidashvili acquired a wife. "A Jewish girl from Riga, which proves, I guess, that despite my running and playing around, I was never very far from my traditional Jewish upbringing." But he found it impossible to settle down. They were divorced 12 years ago after having two children, who were to prove one of the chief reasons for their father's decision to immigrate to Israel.



Statue of bears has prominent place in Tavidashvili's room at Beit Brodetsky Absorption Centre.

Did he suffer from anti-Semitism in Russia. I applied for a permit to Israel. The K.G.B. So many of the people in the which had been following me on and off ever since my family out the world. "I need four bears for three acts, which should be ready after about three or four months of training. I'll teach them to play ice hockey like I did in Russia. And I'll have two teams of dogs playing football."

The five partners estimate that IL200,000 is needed to set up the circus. But for Tavidashvili it is only the beginning.

"What we really aim to do is to raise \$200,000 to open our own circus stadium. The circus might only appear two or three times a week, while the other nights will be devoted to concerts and the big main floor itself will be built so that it can become an ice skating rink. We will have special caravans to house our performers and we will travel to all parts of the world, even to Russia. Imagine a parade of dogs and bears marching down the Moscow Circus Palace carrying Israeli and Soviet flags!"

Looking ahead

Tavidashvili has already begun to implement his plans, although, like most people in show business, he prefers to keep the details a secret until the right moment. Every day at the ulpan I'm planning writing scenarios for my trained bears, instead of concentrating on my Hebrew. I must get back to work."

He and three fellow-immigrants from Russia, together with an Israeli impresario, are taking the first steps to set up the circus. Tavid, a name to remember.

Shalva Tavidashvili training his bears in Moscow. Starting with very young adults, three or four months old, he teaches them to ride bicycles, dance and push a baby carriage in a few weeks.

הכרזת הצול

הכרזת הצול

Palefaces ravaged the red man's land

HISTORY, which for the most part has been written about in retrospect, has the undeniable advantage of being infinitely pliable when it is being interpreted. Such a fact has not gone unnoticed by rulers or governments throughout the ages, and the burning of books has its precedent, though limited, group of believers. To others, somewhat less extreme in outlook, history and the writing that it provokes just tends to make for an overall confusion. What it's all about seems to depend more on where you are standing at the time than anything "objective" that can be said about it. In recent years, however, the conflicts underlying historical interpretation have taken on a new dimension. What it's all about has become interwoven with "Who am I?" For the third world, Black Americans, and now the Red Indians, self-identity and the truth about their national history are inseparable.

"I Have Spoken" is one of the new writings connected with this search for truth. Or, to be more exact, it is its approach that is new since in itself it is a compilation stretching back to 1809. The aim is to present American Indian history as understood by the Indians themselves. This presents one great difficulty, in that Indian tradition, education and culture were passed on orally, and therefore almost all the speeches in this book come to us secondhand. Explorers, soldiers, priests and government agents are the intermediaries between ourselves and the Indians, who speak so many centuries ago and it is largely from their diaries and writings that the speeches in this book are taken. Bearing this limitation in mind, however, what is presented to us is an extraordinary wealth of material. Indian oral art is poetic art, and one's impression is of a people who drew their strength and indomitable endurance from a unique relationship with the natural world. For example, there is this quotation from the Iroquois Constitution, 1720...

"The Onondaga lords shall open each council by expressing their gratitude to their cousin, the Lord, and greeting them, and they shall make an address and offer thanks to the earth where men dwell, to the streams of water, the pools, the springs, the lakes, to the maize and the fruits, to the medicinal herbs and the trees, to the forest trees for their usefulness, to the animals that serve as food and who offer their pelts as clothing, to the great winds and the lesser winds...to the messengers of the Great Spirit who dwell in the skies above, who give all things useful to men, who is the source and the ruler of health and life." The inner pattern of this book

I HAVE SPOKEN, American History through the Voices of the Indians, compiled by Virginia I. Armstrong. Chicago, Sage Books, Swallow Press. 206 pp. \$8.00.

Reviewed by Betty Shortt

traces the relationship between Indians and white people from the turn of the 17th century to the present day. It begins with a description by the explorer Henry Hudson of the friendly hospitality he received from the Indians that he met:

Peaceful gesture
"The natives were good people, for when they saw I would not remain, they supposed I was afraid of their bows and arrows, and taking the arrows they broke them into pieces and threw them into the fire."

Ironically, in the same year, 1609, John Smith reports a speech by Powhatan, the Indian leader, which begins:

"Why will you take by force what you may obtain by love? Why will you destroy us who supply you with food? What can you get by war?"

Betrayal of trust and disbelief that white men really mean to act as they do are echoed over and over again in the early speeches. The gradual understanding that they are being used in the war between England and France is followed by the realization that the tribes are deliberately being set against each other. Disbelief is rapidly followed by anger and then by war. In the end, it all adds up to enforced settlement on the reservations.

Land is at the base of it all, and of this the Indian is very aware: "On this land there is a great deal of timber pine and oak, which are of much use to the white man. They send it to foreign countries and it brings them a great deal of money... but we are told that our lands are of no service to us."

On the lighter side, "I Have Spoken" also provides some very amusing comments on how white civilization makes young Indian men unfit for tribal life, and leads to a disgruntled chief's comment that they are "good for nothing" after they return from white schools. The book also contains a very ample bibliography, and all the speech sources are well annotated. The problem still remains that inevitably these speeches come to us secondhand and in translation. The search for truth is as difficult now as it ever was. But perhaps what matters is the awareness that there is something to be sought for, and something that lies somewhere in the direction of what people themselves really felt and said. Far

haps the greatest value of "I Have Spoken," is that it is a sustained passionate statement by a people who tried desperately to be understood. And this is a good enough beginning.

New look at French Revolution

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION by François Furet and Denis Richet. Translated from the French by C.A. Phillips. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 416 pp. £3.50.

Reviewed by Walter Grab

THIS work is addressed to the layman rather than the professional historian. It is based not on a study of primary sources, but on the results of earlier and more recent research by other scholars. Each of the 18 chapters is preceded by a short introduction containing the author's interpretation of the historical events under discussion. For this commentary they consulted a great number of specialized studies. They give the opinions of the researchers, sometimes with and sometimes without quotation marks, so that the book lacks footnotes and bibliographical notes, it is impossible to ascertain in which context a given authority voiced his opinion.

The book is written in a lively manner, and even those familiar with the story will find it readable. It is richly illustrated with portraits of all personalities who played a role in the French Revolution, and also contains many caricatures, facsimiles and drawings, some of them rare. The minor emendations from the French original have done no harm to the book and the mighty drama that shook the world at the end of the 18th century unfolds at a breathtaking pace. The authors try to avoid an obsolete presentation based solely on the history of ideas, but rather rely on new sociological and psychological investigations.

Many books about the Revolution only go as far as the downfall of Jacobin rule in the middle of 1794. The book under review, however, covers the period until Napoleon's seizure of power at the end of 1799. Therefore, it is of special value in that it gives us many details about the declining phase of the Revolution — that is, the period of the Thermidorean reaction and the Directory — when it was the beneficiaries of the Revolution rather than its originators who held power.

The problems of the French Revolution are far too relevant to our time for any author dealing with them to avoid expressing his political views. Although the present authors clearly strive for a balanced and unemotional stance, their moderate, liberal-bourgeois bias is unmistakable. They reject the methodological and the criteria of



SIOUAN CHIEF
(Reprinted from the Encyclopaedia International)

Revolution across the borders of France and "carry the tribunes to the ends of the world" (Robespierre, "Textes choisis," Paris, 1966, part 3, p. 59 seq.).

Following the abortive Girondin revolt in May, 1793, the Jacobin leader Barrere was not (as stated) deported to Devil's Island in Guyana. It is true that he was condemned to deportation by the Thermidorians, but he managed to escape on his way to the coast and was able to hide out in France for the next two years. After the coup d'état of Fructidor in September 1797, he returned to political life (see the book by the American scholar, Le Gershey: "Bertrand Barrere: A Reluctant Terrorist, Princeton, 1961).

The factual details given in Norman Hampson's recent "Social History of the French Revolution" are more exact than those in the volume under review. The standard work by the greatest authority of the subject in this century, Georges Lefebvre: "The French Revolution" (two vols., London-N.Y., Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1963-64), remains unsurpassed.

Dr. Grab is Professor of Modern History and Director of the Institute for German History at Tel Aviv University.

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BLACKNESS OF THE SOUL

THE Harlem of the mind is the essential unconscious energy behind black experience, and the black experience is black writing. It is the experience of the inarticulate rage and desperation that which experience which creates that which we white folks call black literature. It is Camus' aphorism that proclaims: "This movement of black souls is still struggling to be heard."

"My black brothers and sisters — you will know who we are!" (Malcolm X). The themes include black psychology, racial hatred and racial love, image of the American Family Group but when she looked very, very closely, she wasn't in it. Frustration. And frustration again. The beating of one's head against the white wall of white death.

Chatter Himes' "If He Hollers Let Him Go" is a superb study of a black worker, lives his life, every step he takes, every bite he eats. He has a light, almost white, and prominent girl friend, with whom he carries on a dialogue of violence versus acceptance. When a stupid white Southern slut, hollering for him, screams rape, he comes to terms with the realization that there is, indeed, nowhere to hide. At all. Bob wakes every morning with the fear of this life. So detached is this feeling from being anything else in the world that the book fairly seethes with the frustrated fury of it. So scared is he of his own being that he lives every moment defensively. "The white folks had sure brought their whips to work with them that morning." Far from being a "good" experience, it is certainly an edifying experience, a frightening experience, reading this novel.

Black Albee

After this first great success, Himes repeats himself in "The Primitive." Except that it is a black book, it might very well be a seamy traffic light book, no one. But black and white version of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Jesse Robinson is a writer, a lush, and a lover of a white woman, also a brilliant people running from fallen love and the disappointments they have suffered. Jesse too is running from his skin, even though he has had only mildly bad experiences. Apparently, though, one's personal experience is not the point but rather what one knows is the collective experience of one's people in general.

Unfortunately, "The Primitive," written in 1965, is an attempted repeat of glory. Same alarm clocks, howling laughter through one's nose (innumerable times in both books for some reason), lidded looks, soot on gin, and Freudian dreams, which are either quite obvious or terribly obscure. King also wakes up, but only because no lover is beside her. Both of them are being torn apart for different reasons, both are ruining each other. The psychology is further from the black psychology which Himes portrayed so masterfully in his earlier book, moving towards the vague, lost psychology of our times. It is still worthwhile reading, especially together with and in chronological order with "If He Hollers." It says something about the movement as we have lived it.

Like Himes, Williams has a dark ferment of the soul, the Negro identity growing out of his experience. Aside from the fact that Williams writes a very exciting, exacting novel, it is also a warning. Max Zedek, the protagonist of "The Man Who Cried I Am," is a writer, a brilliant writer dying of cancer in the rectum — one big pain in the ass. He has to fight twice as hard to get half as far, moving from America to Paris to Amsterdam to Africa, looking for this identity thing, the part to play. He and his friend — and fellow-writer, Harry Amos cover the same ground. The bitterness and frustration is by

IF HE HOLLERS LET HIM GO, THE PRIMITIVE by Chester Himes, 1971, Signet (181pp., 130pp., respectively, 95 cents each); **THE MAN WHO CRIED I AM** by John A. Williams, 1971, Penguin, 384pp. 45p; **WHEN RAIN CLOUDS GATHER** by Beattie Head, 1971, Penguin, 176pp. 30p.

Reviewed by Joan Hooper

now familiar to anyone reading his second black novel. Max loses his girl friend through a botched abortion, because she won't have his child until he has succeeded. They gave Lillian the photograph, the image of the American Family Group but when she looked very, very closely, she wasn't in it. Frustration. And frustration again. The beating of one's head against the white wall of white death.

Chatter Himes' "If He Hollers Let Him Go" is a superb study of a black worker, lives his life, every step he takes, every bite he eats. He has a light, almost white, and prominent girl friend, with whom he carries on a dialogue of violence versus acceptance. When a stupid white Southern slut, hollering for him, screams rape, he comes to terms with the realization that there is, indeed, nowhere to hide. At all. Bob wakes every morning with the fear of this life. So detached is this feeling from being anything else in the world that the book fairly seethes with the frustrated fury of it. So scared is he of his own being that he lives every moment defensively. "The white folks had sure brought their whips to work with them that morning." Far from being a "good" experience, it is certainly an edifying experience, a frightening experience, reading this novel.

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people cooperation and farming methods to better themselves, and succeeding. Makhaya is looking for peace, work, for a wife and family if he must postpone his Utopia to some future date. In a calm, melodious way he finds all of it in Botswana, finds it in a way that the people sometimes do who are trying to build Africa peacefully. Africa is faced with two destinies: that of the chiefs and riches and adulating bare foot men, or that of the barefoot men ploughing the sunscorched earth and irrigating with water from the dams they build. Makhaya confuses himself with all that he has to learn of such destinies.

But in Golema Mmudi there was a woman waiting to love a strong man. "Therefore the God God cast one last look at Makhaya, whom he intended revenging mightily for his silent threat to knock him down. He would so much entangle this stupid young man with marriage

and babies and children that he would always have to think, not twice, but several hundred times, before he came to knocking anyone down." So the refugee turned into an agriculturalist, a lover of Botswana and husband and father. He ceased to need to cry "I am."

Black is an insistent challenge to systems which deny freedom to everyone. Most black literature, thankfully embodies this insistence, enlightening for those open to it. We all learn something from pain.

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ISRAELI POLITICS AND IDEOLOGY CHANGE SLOWLY

IDEOLOGICAL CHANGE IN ISRAEL by Alan Arlan. Cleveland, Western Reserve University Press. 220 pp. \$6.95.

Reviewed by Meron Medzini

VETERAN Israelis have a feeling that idealism in this country is dead. Young Israelis scoff at the ideology of their leaders and "Zionism" (Zionism) is a derisive term. The present manoeuvring for positions in the next Knesset and Cabinet, and the major preoccupation of Israelis with their domestic problems such as labour relations, poverty, technology, religious affairs, communal tensions, also lead to the inevitable conclusion that ideology no longer plays a prominent role in Israel's life. Not so, claims Professor Alan Arlan, Chairman of the Department of Political Science at Tel Aviv University, in this book, which is possibly one of the best ever written on Israeli politics.

Tracing the development of the dominant ideology of Israel, "Zionism" with a thick overlay of Socialism, the author finds its roots in both traditional, purely Jewish sources and the experience of Jews in Central and Eastern Europe in the latter part of the 19th century. The founders of Israel were deeply committed to a Socialist-Zionist ideology, and three major institutions reflected this commitment: the Histadrut, the political parties left of centre led by Mapai, and the Kibbutz Movement.

Professor Arlan goes on to explain that Israel's political leadership not only produced, but also distributed and consumed the ideology it had fashioned. His subject is ideological change in this country, and he studies it in a series of interviews with 120 Knesset Members and senior civil servants and university students. They were asked which ideology is dominant, what was its content, what changes have taken place in the course of time, how persuasive ideology is in shaping policy. Of special concern were the changes in the ideologies of the secular political parties and the ideology of the Kibbutz Movement.

The author's conclusions, while not startling, are highly valid, very

convincing and well reasoned. His research only confirmed what was already known — that "Israel's political culture is a conservative one, not given over easily to changes in personnel, institutions, or ideology." The virtual absence of a parliamentary opposition, only assured the key role of the Labour Party, previously Mapai, which dominated the country. Mapai in turn, was dominated by an elite, which developed a certain ideological style. Mr. Arlan also stresses the importance of the coalition arrangements which have made election-time rivals into political bedfellows with Mapai, during the short history of the State of Israel.

He thinks that "it would be misleading to think that the style of ideological politics in Israel was only associated with the electoral system." It is part of the political culture of the elite. He adds that "the paths of access to political power all led through the executive committees of the political parties." This is now being challenged by the co-optation of ex-generals into the Cabinet and has aroused much indignation among old-style politicians, who want advancement in key positions to be determined by the length and loyalty of party service.

What can be expected in the near future? Professor Arlan argues very cogently that, in effect, very little change will take place. His reasoning is worth reading in full: "The relative stability of ideology in Israel must be understood in terms of the importance of the political elite in shaping the public ideology. The dominant socialist-Zionist (kibbutz) ideology may no longer be the only appropriate path of meeting the country's needs, but it is still used to explain and justify policy. In one sense, the socialist-Zionist ideology has passed beyond mere ideology; like the kibbutz movement and the pre-State struggle, it symbolizes the legitimacy of the political system. It has become a part of the Israeli constitution... But in a more fundamental sense, those same features which tend to perpetuate power of certain elites and certain organizations also guard against any radical change in the language of political communication."

The writer then foresees more of the same to come. Israeli politics are marked by extraordinary stability. "Political change is usually only surface-deep, the rate of change being inversely proportional to the heat generated by Israeli politics." Change comes very slowly because much of Israel's political culture is based on political arrangements and ideological formulations, although organizational shifts and ideological ramblings sometimes appear on the surface. The final conclusion is that: "given the conservative nature of Israeli politics, I would expect these changes to occur gradually; it is unlikely that ideological change in Israel will be swift or comprehensive. The leadership is too secure in its institutional positions to be deeply affected by signs of ideological rejection on the part of the public. More likely the leadership will change here and modify there..."

This book must be read by those Israeli politicians who think they can bring about the necessary ideological and perhaps institutional changes rapidly, to adjust our vibrant and dynamic society to present day ideology. They will realize how difficult their task will be. They will also understand better the system in which they operate. Professor Arlan has contributed a most stimulating book to the growing number of works on this country and its social organization. Few can match him for clarity, shrewd insight, and first class research.



BERL KATENELSON

Jerusalem poems

By KAREN GERSHON

NIGHTFALL IN JERUSALEM

Purple, the light flows over the pallid stones surrounding the poles of the sun. The desert drives its goats across the sky. Measurably rock with people in its veins, that has been crouching since the world began, rises, each grain a fountain to the eye.

THE CHILDREN IN THE STREET

None of the children here ever walk on their own; the scabies buckled into the armour of homo. Life kneels to its reflection in their faces. None of the children are ever still, in response to the sap of the city rising in their spring.

ENCOUNTERS

The ground is singing under our feet: who were cast aside like stones have sprung up as harvest, life rekindled by community. The past ploughed under whispers as we meet: you are my neighbour, whose roots nourish me.

From: LEGACIES AND ENCOUNTERS, to be published shortly by Victor Gollancz.

And silent flows the runner

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE BUNNEE by Alan Sillitoe. New York: Signet Book published by the New American Library. 144 pp. 75 c.

If you have seen the film based on "The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner," you cannot read the story — or re-read it in the new paperback edition — without picturing Tom Courtenay as the Borstal boy. Yet how much more the written word has to offer than the film! Alan Sillitoe has got right under the skin of the defiant lad who refuses to win his race.

The autobiographical-style narrative cuts character right down to the bone and strips away any sentimental hopes in current methods of juvenile reform. Yet the effect is comic — perhaps a forerunner of black comedy before it lost direction.

Though none of the other stories in this collection has the same mastery grip of people and situations, Alan Sillitoe undoubtedly knows the grubby ugliness of the life led by underpaid factory hands and small-time delinquents. Without the use of four-letter words he can give body to the will-toughness he is describing — to male inadequacy or brutality, to female brashness or insufficiency, to the smelly surroundings, the bleak streets, the greasy mess.

DORA BOWDEN

Children's books in Hebrew and English

By Miriam Arad

An ability to charm the fantastic rest, and they are footloose, that N.Y. 170 pp. and notes, \$5.95 illustrated by Mirko Hanak) for its familiarity. It is a positive relief to find a compiler content to include Cinderella and Snow White and Little Red Riding Hood, as well as a less famous but rather marvellous version of Cinderella called Tattercoats. There are also a number of English fairy tales (first collected, of all things, by an Austrian Jew), like the beloved "Three Little Pigs" which in our version starts, "Once upon a time when pigs spoke rhyme/ And monkeys chewed tobacco/ And hens took snuff to make them tough/ And ducks went quack, quack, quack, O!" The writing and translation in this collection is particularly good as well, and lively. So most, e.g., advice to princes about to go for nine-headed dragons: "Rely on your sword and just keep hacking away!"

is that there are those seven brothers called Do, Re, Mi and the rova (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, N.Y. 170 pp. and notes, \$5.95 illustrated by Mirko Hanak) for its familiarity. It is a positive relief to find a compiler content to include Cinderella and Snow White and Little Red Riding Hood, as well as a less famous but rather marvellous version of Cinderella called Tattercoats. There are also a number of English fairy tales (first collected, of all things, by an Austrian Jew), like the beloved "Three Little Pigs" which in our version starts, "Once upon a time when pigs spoke rhyme/ And monkeys chewed tobacco/ And hens took snuff to make them tough/ And ducks went quack, quack, quack, O!" The writing and translation in this collection is particularly good as well, and lively. So most, e.g., advice to princes about to go for nine-headed dragons: "Rely on your sword and just keep hacking away!"

For older children — 12-14 — Dvir has released Binyamin Gal's ATALEFEE AKKO (נבילי) (The Bats of Acre, 194 pp.), an adventure story that begins with a spy ring, continues with a treasure trove, and culminates in the Sinai War. The child heroes are so erudite and speak such breath-takingly high-brow Hebrew that it sometimes actually seems as though the author wanted to show off.

For the same age, but restricted to the rather studious and science-minded, Massada have put out a translation of four solid, informative volumes entitled MAN AND... (respectively)... THE SEA, THE DESERT, THE MOUNTAINS AND THE JUNGLE, by Dan Q. Posin, all translated from the English by D. Elliram, illustrated by David Burnside, and containing roughly 120 pages each.

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Sheep in her clothes

SUNDAY BEST by Bernice Rubens. London, Eyre and Spottiswood. 263 pp. £1.95.

Reviewed by Curtis Arnson

As we learn from the first person narrator, George Verrey Smith is a 42-year-old schoolmaster, no longer having confidence in his teeth, whose only joy in life are his Sundays. The latter are the collection of his wife's cast off clothes in which he spends Sunday dressing and primping. Upon the death of his neighbour (who died of a heart attack brought on by the neighbour's wife falsely claiming Smith as her child's father), Smith decides to attend the funeral in drag, after which he heads for Brighton to exchange the lie for the fantasy.

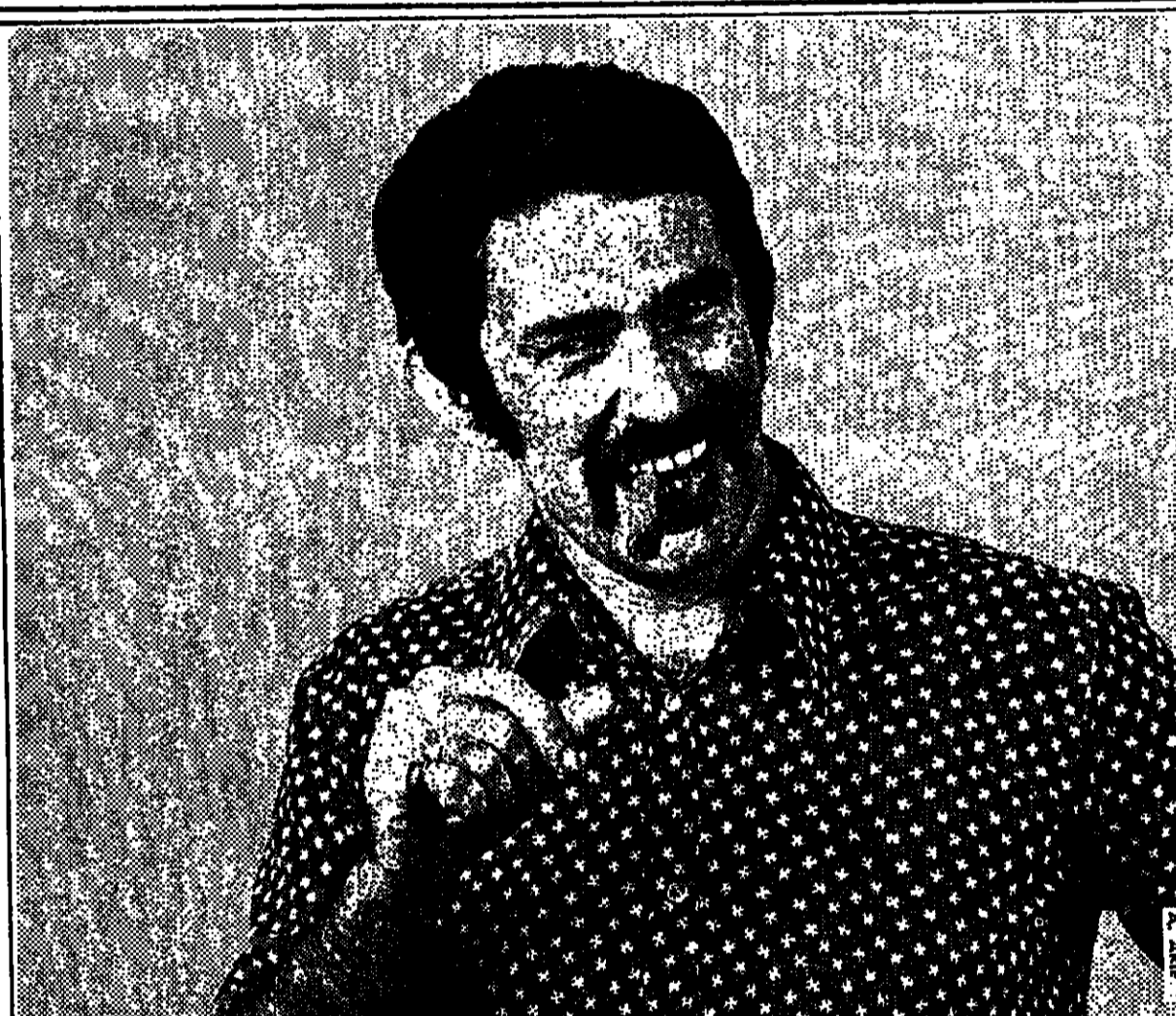
Unfortunately, Smith chooses a time in which a fellow teacher, recently fired for immoral acts with his male "coloured quota" students, is found murdered. Smith, now Mrs. Emily Pride, is sought, found, and finally returning to the lie, cleared of the crime.

This implausible outline is unfair well-told tale which must surely to the book. The novel gingerly

steps into the void of Smith's marriage with his joyless wife Joy. Their inability to communicate, even to become aware of each other in a sense other than habit, is starkly presented by the form of the book, the first half — Smith's narrative — followed by a straight story, showing up many of the protagonist's self-delusions.

Miss Rubens does not cheat on us. She lets Smith tell his story by himself instead of pushing it along. Even the story remains intelligible as she deftly avoids slapstick and kitsch, while still verging on the comic.

We may doubt Smith, but we never throw down the book in incredulous disgust. We feel that we are reading the confession of a human being, not a titillating farce. "Sunday Best" is a sympathetic and well-told tale which must surely delight every intelligent reader.



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There is a moral to be drawn from two other new books for the 5-8s. SEFURIM LEGALITY (by Miriam Arad, Massada, 16 pp. illustrated by Galt) is mostly a description of Galt's house and street and toys and friends. Since Galt's house and street, etc. are quite like everybody else's, and the writer lacks the talent to make anything out of that, we don't much care for them. Toward the end of the book, though, we are told of Galt coming home wet from the first rain, and Galt's mother promptly going to the closet to get out Galt's coat and Galt putting her hand in his pocket and finding the whistle she thought she had lost. On the page after that something happens to the electricity and all the lights suddenly go out, and Mother and a somewhat scared Galt go to the kitchen to look for a candle and Joseph, there is a scary collection of Cabbalistic monsters to frighten the wicked and help them expiate the sins committed in a former life. In the second half of the story the author abandons his hero and concentrates on the villain and, let me tell you, these are at least as interesting as that are.

WHAT happens in TOV LI TAV (L.V. in Hebrew by Noga Bahad, Tel Aviv, 1970, 100 pp. and notes, \$5.95) is an unnecessarily fanciful and untranslatable title, something to do with notes and happiness, Massada, 100 pp. illustrated by Avi Margalith)

THOUGH I am wearying a bit of the fairy tale vogue, I read both the above and the following with pleasure and for opposite reasons. The first is a sympathetic and well-told tale which must surely delight every intelligent reader.

Students search for identity

"THE right to say 'We'" is a precarious one, for the right to say "I" is threatened and at times sacrificed. Richard Zorza, a Harvard freshman, recently arrived from England, has chosen the dramatic strike by Harvard University students in the spring of 1969 to show the oft-sung unity of the Movement, the youth generation... we. In his eagerness to stress the restoring quality of collective action, he brushes past personal fears and conflicts — which could have been the spring for a personal record of growth, instead of the artificial recounting of group actions that fill the book. At times, however, these conflicts do emerge amid the endless political meetings, and these are the book's most vivid moments:

THE RIGHT TO SAY WE by Richard Zorza. London, Pall Mall Press, 214 pp. £2.

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS WILL KEEP DAILY JOURNALS by Tobl Sanders and Joan Bennett. N.Y., Winter House, 153 pp. \$5.95.

Reviewed by
Carol Kaplan

"After the march on Widener Hall, the group broke up, and panic struck the Yard every one, attempting to find out what was going on, shadowed everyone else. Black shadowed black, white shadowed black, white shadowed white. It was all doubtless part of the plan to terrify everyone."

But instead of exploring this strange harlequin masquerade, Zorza falls back into the secure narration of endless political meetings and caucuses. But again the terror rears its head. Zorza succumbs to it, but does not go into any accompanying feelings of guilt or self-doubt:

"I left then wondering what on earth he (the Afro member) could have meant by that comment. Was he warning me to stay away from a disrupted mass meeting? If there were a panic in the stands, hundreds could be trampled to death. After much thought, I told the University Police of the encounter. Perhaps it is better if that Afro member never tries to explain, or to answer my question."

Seeking trust

An excellent opportunity to ask those central questions: How deep is this new-found trust? Is it existent at all? Is it possible to create? And the opportunity is lost — ironically — in the discussion of plans for a mass meeting. The meeting was exciting, and completely breaking with precedent, 12,000 Harvard students united and voted to strike... or did they? The vote was very close, and many drifted off before the final vote. Doubts and splits multiplied:

"The ecstasy of united action had turned to fear. The joy of mass mobilization had turned to uncertainty and chaos. The situation was becoming more organized, yet more chaotic. Leadership were becoming disassociated from their constituencies. It was clear that the mobilization was ending."

But again this sudden swing of mood is ignored, lost in a discussion of the faculty vote. Zorza dismisses his queasy feelings and ends by assuring us — and himself — that the strike was worth it, there was a change.

"We tasted the joys of commitment. We became people, real people, not plaster-cast imitations. As before, as always,

Harvard in crisis was the land of the individual. We had been a community totally immersed in one goal, one mobilization, one great seizing of control of our own lives. We had been through France in 1789, Moscow in 1917, Britain in 1940 and Israel today."

About the other historical settings I cannot say, but I could never picture an Israeli soldier starting a book about the Six Day War with such a statement as: "I am a bit player (on stage) a bit more than the others" or "I do not really think of myself as having been born anywhere in particular."

Perhaps that sense of vagueness and unimportance about himself, plus the feeling of unreality, explains his unarticulated urge to identify himself with some deep mass movement in history. Zorza's accuracy is shunted aside as Zorza intones:

"And we cry out. We cry out with the shout of the children in the Victorian mines, the Jews in the concentration camps, the blacks on the plantations..."

Zorza is young and eager; perhaps the absurdity of the parallel can be forgiven, but neither can his observations on himself or his peers be taken very seriously. Perhaps self-honesty is the price Richard Zorza is paying for the right to say We.

TWO women at Barnard College during the original university strike of 1968 (at Barnard's "parent" campus, Columbia University in New York) refuse to pay that price. They are Tobl Gillian Sanders, a Jewish Russian major from the East, and Joan Frances Bennett, a Negro freshman from the South. The two have recorded their year's growth in diaries published together, in a handsome volume called, "Members of the Class will keep a daily Journal." Listen to Joan's description of her participation in the take-over of Columbia:

"So restless. See no sense. I haven't talked with myself as to why I'm here. It is one of the few times that I have allowed myself to act without formulated reasons. But anyway I feel a little alien even in this black skin. But I'm not a traitor. I'm not without identity. I don't think that I'm deluding myself. I hope to God that I'm not."

Joan also feels the need for united action, for a group expression of

solidarity, because "things like this remind us of who we are, and if we aren't that we are nobody."

A sense of apartness, of isolation, is perhaps a common feeling after leaving home. But Joan is unusual in her unrepentant consciousness of the separation, of her objective judgment with her constant ache of loneliness:

"A homecoming. A leave taking. The light shows on their faces as they sat around the table and I joked and they laughed and smiled. I had made the journey back. I rushed from room to room as if in pursuit of something, something that went out just as I went in."

Yet sometimes the loneliness arches into solitude:

"All the time I've spent secluded, from then until now, I don't regret. Even though retreating into my shell had become a habit and my speech is often slow and lame. I'm glad I've wandered away from the crowd to be my own person."

Only half-way

Joan does not feel, though, that her "person" has crystallized. She is still a "half-way person." She feels "pathetic" at her lack of self-knowledge. She condemns her extreme introspective tendencies: "It's not a good life and the good people of the world no longer lead it." She criticizes her lack of commitment to anything outside herself.

And yet, perhaps the self-absorption is necessary. Perhaps one must look inward and find the Self before full participation with others is possible. But the way is long and stretches interminably. One fears at times that the end is illusory — that indeed there is no end...and perhaps not even a road. The road begins to blur...

"Something calls me to walk the brightly lit and shadowy streets of the city, to be lost in the constantly moving masses, to pretend for a while when my face and form are dimly seen, that I have a purpose, that I'm going somewhere...When do we throw away the rule book and go it alone?"

The terror, the terror that Zorza cannot face, remains. In the strange environment of the University, during a spring fraught with violence and despair, Joan feels parts of herself loosening and floating away. She becomes nostalgic, not for home and mother's "bosom to bury in" but rather she longs for the God — the faith — of her childhood. As personal doubts are echoed by local and national crises, the terror stems into grief and mourning: Martin Luther King, who did believe in the "God of her childhood," has been assassinated. Joan remembers his words: "You've got to walk that lonesome valley. You've got to walk it by yourself."

Rejecting causes

When the crisis occurs at Columbia, it is her innate self which gives her strength, which tells her to reject the extremist causes such as the Black Muslims, for "Any undistorted cause, any cause that can stand alone and be seen for what it is, shouldn't have to be rammed down people's throats." Joan's cause doesn't have a name. Zorza, for example, describes himself as a "moderate-militant educational radical." Joan cannot. She will not. Her search is too deep and too personal for a label:

"I have a desire to know all the signs of happiness, sadness, strength and weakness on the human face. To communicate without words, glances or provocation. I suppose what I want to know is the human heart."

The beauty of Joan's insight, of her discovery, is that it is a rediscovery. Joan, who has claimed like Zorza to have no past, no present, no future, somehow remembers that



American students on strike

spiritually if no longer physically, she has a home, and in this home reside the values that make herself a responsible being: "I have taken too long to come home. It calls for too long."

The campus take-over from still a third point of view is described as the part of Tobl Sanders' journal. The journal itself, so different from Joan's in its slangy humour and pungent imagery (her descriptions of the Peasch meal are delicious), yet shares with Joan's the proof of a natural talent for insight and growth. Tobl is in love with an architect, and, as she realizes, "someone in love has no place in a campus torn by chaos." Yet somehow she cannot completely separate herself from the Columbia take-over — "Something drew me back." She joins her friends on the campus, where everyone is "waiting for the bust." Cops chase her back to the dormitory, and when she gets safely upstairs, she realizes blood is dripping down her face.

Tobl sees the intimate, the hidden, the humorous side of the take-over. The cops try to pick her up the next day. "They're twisting their nightsticks like drum majorettes for the Big Game." She brings her friends, who've taken over Avery Hall, apples and sandwiches. She marvels at the sense of community. But she sees the sharp edge of violence hovering like a vulture's wing over the magically "liberated" campus:

Brainy sun

"Structures are tumbling down like an erector set with screwy pla screws. Blacks hanging out of windows, whites hankering for blood while all day the sun was clever — it hid. I feel a chaos, a sickness, and the old Russian brood (rebellion). The architects have Avery, Harold Harold but I feel like I want to hide like the sun, hide like an ostrich in the sand. That's silly. Everyone knows that Morning-side Heights is solid granite."

One can surmise how Tobl would react to the following quote used by Zorza as evidence of a student's growth during the Harvard strike:

"I was involved in something own home."

Vigil at the Wall

No matter what time of the day or night — the Western Wall is never alone. Someone is always standing before it, pouring his heart out. In this article, MOSHE AKIVA DRUCK describes the Wall — and some of its visitors — during the silent hours from midnight to morning. Mr. Druck himself is a "regular": his daily visiting time is 4 to 6 a.m.

THE Divine Presence, according to Jewish tradition, has never departed from the Western Wall. And just as God never leaves the Wall, so we, the Jews, have never left it, for even one moment, since we were privileged to return to it five years ago today.

There is always someone there, in secret conversation with his Creator. There are some people who simply cannot satisfy their craving to be there, to return again and again. They themselves cannot explain this desire, but they are enslaved by it.

ONE night I stood by the Wall watching a gentle-faced, white-bearded patriarch. Silently I approached him, almost removing my shoes — as he himself had done. An ignorant stranger might have thought he was following the Moslem rite of removing the shoes at a holy place. But I knew better. I knew that Reb Moshe — this is his name — was about to sit down cross-legged on his small red mat and begin his mournful recitation of the Tikkun Zatzot (the midnight lamentation for the destruction of the Temple): "By the waters of Babylon there we sat, you we wept as we remembered Zion..." and Psalm 137: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning..."

In this setting the sad verses took on a particularly dramatic significance. Reb Moshe did not remain alone for long, sunk in his sad thoughts. Within minutes another group of mourners who had emerged from the alleyways of the Old City were seated nearby, emulating his solemn dirges. The little congregation of mourners, silhouetted in the harsh ar-lichts, threw me into a sad and pensive mood.

But it didn't last for long. Reb Moshe and his companions were soon on their feet, and approaching the Wall with deference, showered it with kisses. "What sense is there in these kisses?" I made bold to ask. One of the group replied with a mischievous smile: "What can we do if the Wall returns our kisses?"

Not new face

Reb Moshe is not a new face at the Wall. He lived in the Jewish Quarter before the State, and spent many long months in Jordanian captivity when the Old City fell in 1948, before he rejoined his family who had been "exiled" with the others to new Jerusalem.

He was not a new face to me either. A man without pretences to prophetic insight, he had never fallen prey to the pessimism which overtook us all when the Old City fell; the feelings that many generations would pass before we set foot there again. In his heart of hearts he always believed we would return one day, and he himself would return to his humble home in Rehov Hayehudim.

As I watched him, deep in mourning at one moment, joyful the next, I remembered that day five years ago, when King Hussein signed the pact with President Nasser of Egypt and all of us in Israel were filled with trepidation. I happened to meet Reb Moshe. He was bubbling over with joy. Why the cheerfulness, I asked him. His reply came back without a moment's hesitation: "You'll see, by Shavuot we'll be praying by the Wall again." At the time I thought he was day-dreaming.

THE little band of mourners for Zion gradually melted away some going home to their beds, others crossing the plaza to the office of Rabbi Meir Yehuda Getz, the Rabbi of the Wall, where they spend the midnight watch studying the Kabbala, the sacred mystic lore of the Holy Ari and Rabbi Hatm Vital.

Since my concern is not with the secret lore of the Kabbala, I returned to the Wall to see what was happening there during these after-midnight hours. It was no surprise to find a young yeshiva student who had just completed his *shivur* in Talmud and before, retiring, had come to offer a short prayer for his mother lying sick in hospital. But I was surprised to see a Jerusalem businessman I know who could not hide his embarrassment at being "caught" at the Wall at the dead of night. A short "interrogation" elicited his explanation. "Listen," he said, "since the liberation of the Wall, I haven't passed a day without at least a look at it. Today I was out of town on business and on



Early-morning study group at the Western Wall.

returning to Jerusalem I came here before going home. What was the reason for this strange "hobby," I asked him. "I can't explain it myself," he said, "but it is a very old love of mine. I am a Jerusalemite by birth and in the old days I never let a day go by without visiting the Wall. I am not religious, but the attraction to this place is in my blood. How can one explain this to someone who doesn't understand?"

As we spoke, a taxi drew up almost alongside the Wall itself. A young woman dragged herself out with difficulty. One could see at a glance that she was in labour. She managed to drag herself to the Wall, kiss it and mumble a few words of prayer before returning to the car. As she prayed the driver told me how he had been called to her house to take her to hospital, after she felt her labour pains come on. But on the way she whispered to her husband how much better she would feel if she could first pray at the Wall. The driver overheard the conversation and interrupted without being asked, promising to drive the mother-to-be to the Wall, without delaying her arrival at the hospital.

The clock-hands moved on. The Talmud student had said his prayer and gone, for a moment it seemed that the Wall would remain alone. But very soon another taxi pulled up at the gate. From the distance I could see its roof laden with suit cases. Six figures emerged and hurried to the Wall. They were an American Jewish family who had just flown in from New York, but before going to their hotels had come to the Wall. The head of the family stopped and gathered the others around him. The scene aroused my interest. The father pulled out a pocket-knife and slashed the lapel of his jacket as Jewish law demands of one "who sees the Temple in its ruin."

As they departed, another car appeared. This time a group of young tourists emerged, airport-bound, but intent on a short prayer before returning home.

Policemen are witnesses

I chatted to the police on guard at the gates and asked them what they thought of these strange and moving scenes. They, though witnessing such scenes day and night did not hide their feelings. Even an Arab policeman did not hide his emotions, Wall, kiss it and mumble a few words of prayer before returning to the car. As she prayed the driver told me how he had been called to her house to take her to hospital, after she felt her labour pains come on. But on the way she whispered to her husband how much better she would feel if she could first pray at the Wall. The driver overheard the conversation and interrupted without being asked, promising to drive the mother-to-be to the Wall, without delaying her arrival at the hospital.

Meanwhile, the first harbingers of the new dawn were beginning to arrive: those whose particular mission it is to begin morning prayers literally at sunrise, and who precede their prayers with an hour long recital of Psalms. They are a group of ordinary workers and traders who have not missed this pre-dawn service for even one day since the Wall was restored to us.

One of them seemed rather strange, standing about at the upper section of the plaza, walking back and forth as if searching for something he had lost. It soon became clear that he wasn't looking for anything. Reb Pinhas (that was his name) was throw-

ing seeds to the pigeons that have made their nests in the crevices of the Wall. He believes, with a pure and simple faith, that the Temple will soon be rebuilt and then the pigeons will be fed and fattened to be offered as sacrifices.

Legends abound concerning the pigeons which swoop around the Wall. One relates that the pigeons too left the Wall with the exile of the Jews, and returned with the paratroopers on that morning of the 28th of Iyar 5727.

Some of the pre-dawn regulars scornfully dismiss his strange behaviour, but in order not to hurt his feelings they leave Reb Pinhas in peace.

Pre-dawn study

By now a substantial number of pre-dawn worshippers had arrived by car and truck. They did not make straight to the Wall, but proceeded first to the office of Rabbi Getz, where they study Talmud in two separate groups. One class, in Hebrew, is conducted by Rabbi Yosef Edes, one of the principals of the Porat Yosef yeshiva. Among the students I recognized several vegetable dealers from the Mahane Yehuda and Bokhara quarter markets and artisans and clerks, all wearing *talit* and *tefillin* and listening with rapt attention to the words of their rabbi.

In the adjoining room was the group studying in Yiddish. Again the same intent faces. Here the rabbi was none other than Rabbi Yeshayahu Sheinberger, once better known as the "Foreign Minister" of the "Neturei Karta," the Mea Shearim fanatic group. Today he looks back on that period as on some youthful aberration best forgotten. Apparently, the Wall has profoundly changed his way of life and outlook on the world. Not one of his students was a member of "Neturei Karta." Most were elderly, regarded their rabbi with profound respect, and had no interest in his former political activities.

Outside, meanwhile, the groups of worshippers continue to arrive, through the alleyways of the suk, among them a group of women, both old and young, who have also adopted the custom of praying at the Wall each day at dawn. They pray quietly, their lips scarcely moving, like Hannah before Eli the High Priest. But now and then one hears a stifled sob, a cry from the heart of some troubled woman.

So the day unfolds. Some come, some go, yet the *minyanim* never disturb each other. As in the days of the Temple, "no-one said the place is too crowded to them." There was really no need to answer him. He himself lowered his eyes before the penetrating look of his Jewish colleague, a look that accused the Jordanian Government of stealing the precious spiritual possession of millions of Jews for so many years.

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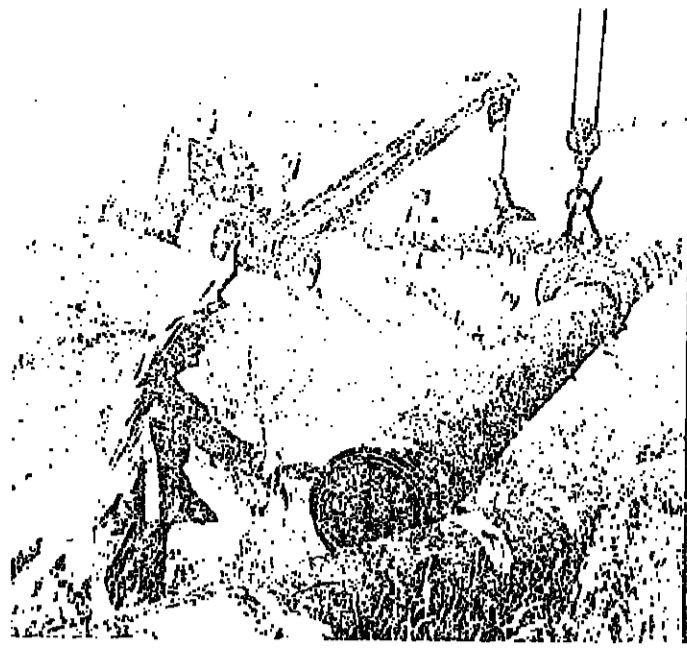
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Drought and rain in Jerusalem

AVRAHAM B. RIVLIN, a member of the veteran Jerusalem family, describes the water problems faced by the city before the turn of the century.



A barefoot water carrier in Jerusalem, in the 1880s.

WATER shortage was one of the greatest problems of the constantly increasing population of Jerusalem in the second half of the 19th century. Even under the British Mandate, Jerusalemites suffered from it towards the end of almost every summer. This is in spite of the fact that, as time went on, arrangements were made for a regular water supply from springs near the city — King Solomon's Pools in the south and Ein Fara in the north-east.

Long rows of water containers lined up in front of the municipal taps in a particular neighbourhood would indicate the day of the week, for each neighbourhood got its supply on a different day. But that was only in normal years; in dry years the population suffered immense hardship.

It is almost impossible to imagine today what it was like for a whole city to be without water.

In the courtyard of every house there was a rain-water cistern from which people would draw water to fill the *tanjara*, the great earthenware jar that stood in every kitchen. Its con-

tents remained cool on the hottest day. As a rule the cisterns held water only until the middle of the summer, or a little longer. Once they ran dry, people had to buy their water from the Arab water-carriers who roamed the lanes and alleys of the Old City with goatskin containers slung on their backs. The price of the precious fluid varied according to conditions.

The year 1882 brought an extremely severe drought. The winter passed and the end of spring drew near, and still there was no sign of rain. The cisterns were dry and the Arab water-carriers were happy because customers were anxious to buy even their polluted water.

Prayers and shofar

The rabbis of both communities, Sephardi and Ashkenazi proclaimed a public fast. The synagogues were filled with people saying *shofar* (penitential prayers) reciting psalms and blowing the *shofar*. The people of the city embarked on their Fessah preparations with a very heavy heart.

My grandfather, Rabbi Yosef Rivlin, recounted years later that at the *Seder* service, the Jews used wine to wash their hands, because hardly any water was obtainable. But in the middle of the *Seder*, heavy rain suddenly began to fall; it continued almost without ceasing for the entire festival.

According to Rabbi Haim Hamburger in his book "Shlosha Olamot" (Three Worlds), Jerusalem suffered another severe drought in 1884, following plentiful autumn rains. The *Seder* (first rain) that year had fallen very early, on Yom Kippur night, when all the Jews were at synagogue. The rains turned the streets into quagmires and prevented many of the worshippers, who in accordance with tradition wore only stockings or slippers on their feet, from returning home. But thanks to this strong early rain the cisterns did not run completely dry later on, and the drought was not as severe as the one two years earlier.

In 1887 the rains were delayed until February and the rabbis decreed a fast and forbade all work in the afternoons. While the various congregations were as-

sembled for special prayers in their synagogues, the skies darkened and rain started falling. The worshippers broke out with the *Hallel* prayer of praise and thanksgiving, and Rabbi Hamburger describes how, at the Hurva Synagogue, the congregation celebrated with brandy and halva.

There were also occasions, albeit rare, when too much rain caused serious damage. Such a case is described by Rabbi Yosef Rivlin in "Halevanon," the Hebrew magazine published in Mainz as a supplement to the German-language weekly "Der Israelit." ("Halevanon" was founded in Jerusalem in 1883, but appeared here for only one year.) It appeared in an issue of 1874, three years after the Franco-Prussian War, and began: "Anyone who did not five through the siege of Paris, when there was no food either for the

wall or the sick, nor milk for babes when there was wholesale slaughter and great destruction — cannot imagine the siege of Jerusalem. The rains and snow did not cease for four months. There was not a stretch of three days without continuous snowstorms, pouring rain and hail, thunder and lightning alternating with sandstorms like those in the Negev."

An article by David Yellin in "Hamolitz" of May, 1898, records that the pipes bringing water to Jerusalem from King Solomon's Pools and other sources were being repaired in preparation for the visit in October of the German Kaiser, Wilhelm II. The politically-motivated State visit brought indirect benefits to the residents of the city. (It will be recalled that a part of the Old City wall by Jaffa Gate was demolished to enable the Kaiser's carriage to enter the city.)

שיבת התלה

YESHIVAT HAKOTEL



Iyar's 3 festivals of freedom

THE month of Iyar falls wholly within the days of the Omer, the days of Sefira (counting) between Fessah and Shavuot. During the period of the Temple, when we dwell in our own land, these days must have been days of joy and happiness. "Winter is past; the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in the land. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the tender grapes give a fragrant odour" (Song of Songs, 2:11-13).

The first harvest of the year, the barley harvest, was being gathered and stored, the golden wheat was ripening, and the farmer, in an overwhelmingly agricultural economy, saw the reward of his labour of the previous six months.

Over the ages, these days have turned from joy to mourning and from gladness to sorrow. Two events contributed to this change. One was the quenching of the last spark of the struggle for national independence with the defeat of Bar-Kochba in 135 C.E. The other was the first pogrom in Europe, the destruction of the Jewish communities in Germany during the Crusades, and it was a warning that the hope of a tranquil existence in the lands of the Diaspora was a vain one.

Only on one day was the blanket of sorrow lifted, on Lag Ba'Omer, and however obscure the reason for this alleviation, there is a universal consensus

that it is connected with one of Bar-Kochba's victories.

With the establishment of the State of Israel these clouds have begun to disperse even more. Providence has so decreed that the two festivals which have been added to the traditional calendar of the Jewish Year — Independence Day and Jerusalem Day which marks the liberation of the Capital — both take place in Iyar, the first on the 5th, the second on the 28th. With Lag Ba'Omer falling between the two, on Iyar 18, there are now three red-letter days in this month.

Dull of soul indeed is he who does not see a direct connection between these three days.

THE War of Bar-Kochba was not only the last revolt of the Jews against the mightiest world power of the time, the mightiest empire the world had yet known, the Roman Empire; it was equally the last revolt of any nation or people subject to Rome. When all the other nations which made up that Empire — Syria and Egypt, France and Spain, Britain and Greece and the rest — had come to terms with their subjection, this small but indomitable people, only 60 years after the crushing blow of the Jewish War and the destruction of the Temple, raised the standard of revolt again and succeeded in driving the Romans out of the country, and even in re-establishing the independent State, even if it lived only four

Whence did this people derive its obstinate stiff-neckedness? In our evening prayer, we recite that God "brought out his people Israel from Egypt to everlasting freedom." No matter what the extent of his physical subjection, despite the fact that such rights as he had were dependent on the legal doctrine that he was a "slave of the (royal) chamber," the Jew never allowed the sacred spark of freedom which glowed deep down in his breast to be entirely extinguished. He was brought up on the doctrine that the Jew must be free from servitude to man in order to be free for the service of God; the yearning for freedom which found its expression on the first Passover remained "everlasting." And when the time came, that spark burst into bright, burning flame and brought about, in the most unpromising circumstances, the emergence of the State 24 years ago and the brilliant victory of the Six Day War 19 years later.

And those of us who believe with a perfect faith that what we have been vouchsafed to live through in the past quarter of a century is but the "beginning of the Redemption" look forward to the time when our sorrow during those days, the result of conditions which we have brought to an end, will disappear entirely and the days of the Sefira will be restored to what they were when we dwell in our own land, from sorrow to gladness, from mourning to joy.

L.I. RABINOWITZ

In these excerpts from his book describing the fighting in Jerusalem during the Six Day War (The Battle for Jerusalem. New York: Jewish Publication Society. 471 pages. \$6.50) Post staffer ABRAHAM RABINOVICH describes the military activity on Monday, June 5, 1967, leading up to the launching of the attack.

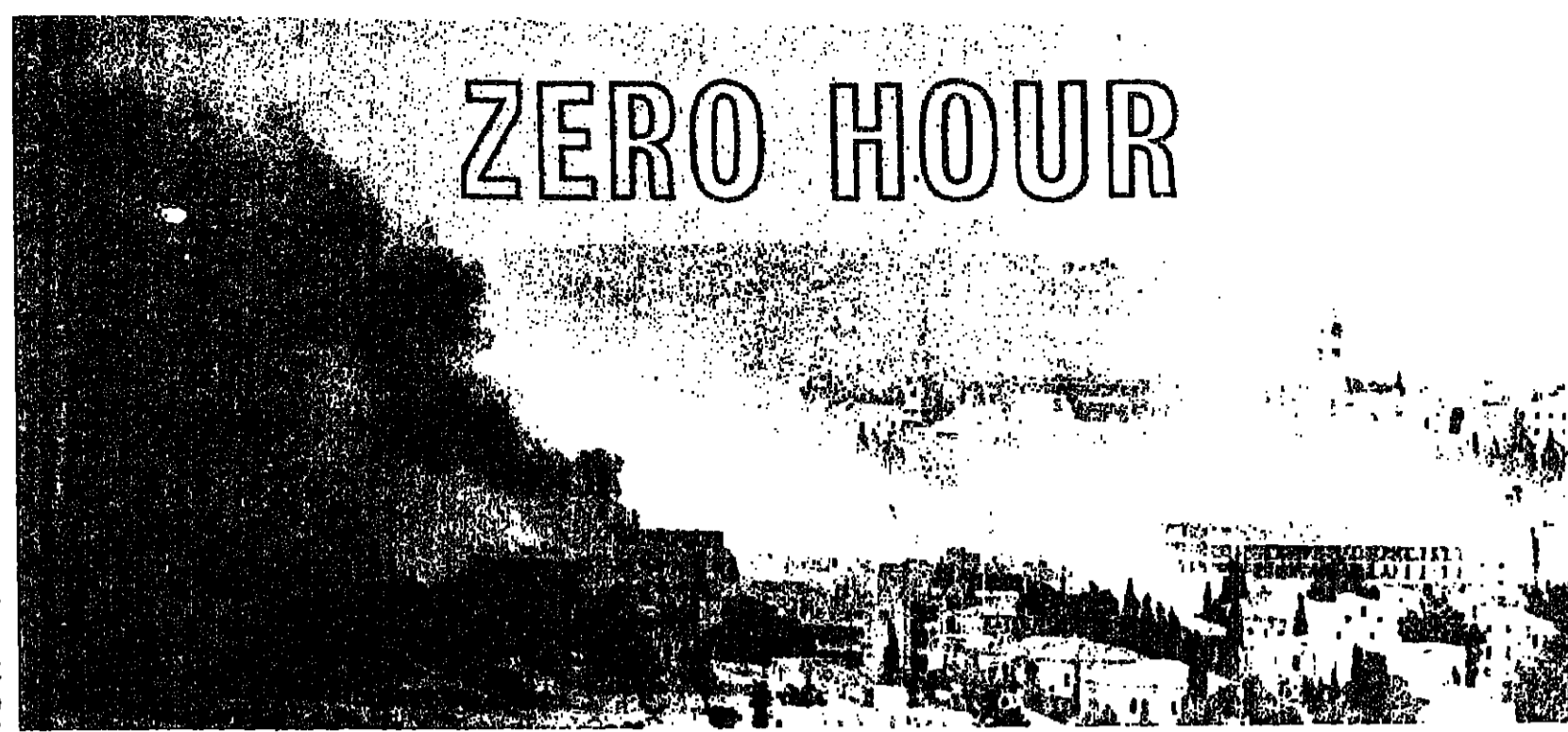
ALL day long the projector crew had waited apprehensively in the Hestadrut Building for nightfall, when they would go into action. In lighting up targets for the artillery observers, the men knew they themselves would become the principal target in Jewish Jerusalem. Dennis Silk, the poet, had always believed that in peacetime a searchlight unit was a suitable assignment for an "artiste" like himself, but that in war the job carried exceptional hazards. He had worked as a proofreader at The Jerusalem Post but vividly recalled a story he had once heard describing a retaliation raid against a Syrian position. The Syrians had thrown on a projector which was eliminated by an Israeli fire in 20 seconds. Dennis had already been assigned to a searchlight unit at the time, and he had read the story with a pang of empathy for the Syrian crew. Now it was his turn.

At 7.45 p.m., just after total darkness the crew was ordered into action. The projectors were hauled out of their enclosures and trundled into the open. Dennis felt an unexpected exhilaration in the physical effort of pushing his projector up a ramp and into battle. Jerusalem was spread out below him in the throes of apocalypse. Every quarter in the Jewish part of the city was being pounded by shells. Tracers reached toward each other across no-man's-land, and flares hung suspended on the horizon. "Light" and ducked behind the parapet. Like a man pulling the switch of an electric chair Dennis reached up and yanked the projector handle.

MIKE Ronnen in the Pagi trench saw the light suddenly flick on, illuminating the Arab position at the Police Training School opposite him. Far to the rear there was the sound of guns firing, and seconds later the area in the spotlight erupted in smoke and flying debris. The light switched off, but before the eyes had grown accustomed to the night again the projector was holding another position in its glare. For the men in the trench, who had endured an unremitting stream of fire from the Jordanians since morning, the sight was euphoric. It was as if someone were putting a giant finger on their foreheads and crushing them. A massive barrage hit Shaufat to the north, where Jordanian 25-pound shells became even more frenzied; shells hit just behind the Pagi trench, making an ugly clanking sound before exploding. The shells were red hot and coming in so low that Mike could read his watch by their glow.

The Israeli counterbarrage delivered with only a portion of the guns available — was largely confined to the northern edge of the city and failed to revive weary troops along other parts of the line. Shells had snapped communication lines, and some of the troops knew nothing more than what they could hear and see. What would be heard was Jordanian boots to make less noise as he shelling all around them, and what they could see was a small but steadily growing number of casualties.

In the trench at Beit Yisrael, where the men had been cut off under direct fire and shelling all day, a supply detail guided by an intelligence officer reached them after darkness. The officer found their ammunition was almost exhausted, and casualties lay at the bottom of the trench awaiting evacuation. The commander of the position summoned his men in a weary voice to distribute the ammunition. The intelligence officer passed on the report that 200 Egyptian planes were down. "You're kidding!" someone said happily. When the officer assured them it was true, he could hear the figure being passed along the trench. As the supply party headed for the rear, they could hear the firing from the trench pick up.



ZERO HOUR

With the coming of darkness, the Jordanians had begun putting heavy fire on the Mandelbaum Gate crossing, the only direct road connection between the two halves of the city. Their evident concern that an attack might be launched from this direction was warranted, since the paratroopers had indeed contemplated such a move. Inside the Mandelbaum customs post, the men could feel the walls shake from mortar explosions, and a door on the first floor was blown in. Shells crashed through the roof of the "Pope's shed," the large hangar-like construction put up over the crossing at the time of the Pontiffs' visit. The Jordanians nervously sent up flares, and the men at the windows twisted back into the shadows until the light had died.

Except for the passing flare-light it was black inside the building, and men had to feel their way along the walls. When a soldier at an upstairs firing hole was killed, his body was passed down the reopened staircase to the first floor only with considerable difficulty. Near midnight, movement was spotted on the Jordanian side of the crossing. Captain Nitzan, the cool, young Jerusalemite commandeer of the sector, called for shelling to break up a possible attack. Headquarters asked for a fire to be lit in the field on the edge of no-man's-land, to serve as a marker for the artillery spotter. The assignment was extremely hazardous. Not only would the men carrying it out be exposed to the steady mortar fire, but in lighting the beacon they would expose themselves to the Jordanian front-line positions. Two young unmarried soldiers were chosen. One of them having volunteered, the volunteer, a Moroccan-born man named Daron, took off his boots to make less noise as he crossed within hearing of the surrounding residential neigh-

borhoods all day, the batteries would have been badly hurt, if not eliminated. On the roof of the Hestadrut Building, it seemed to Dennis Silk — still alive, to his amazement — that the Jordanian shelling pattern reflected hysteria. It was almost as if frustrated Arab Legion gunners were indulging in grudge and trying to inflict as much damage on Jewish Jerusalem as they could after waiting 19 years for the opportunity. There seemed little military purpose to the shells exploding across the city. His own projector, the only visible object in the entire Jerusalem area and an obvious military target, had been almost totally ignored.

The difference in the shelling pattern, Dennis felt, reflected the intellectual difference between the opponents. The Arabs were venting their passions without any apparent plan. Out in the darkness, the Jewish gunners were waiting silently under fire to deliver their blow at the telling moment.

ALL day Monday, two platoons of Jerusalem Brigade tanks had sat immobile in the Jerusalem Corridor, where they had been left by Major Aaron when he had taken the main elements of the tank company into the city that morning. The detachment — under Captain Rafi, the company's second-in-command — had been intended as a reserve force in the corridor, but the arrival of the Harel Brigade had made this mission superfluous. At 5 p.m. Rafi — a calm, bespectacled lawyer — telephoned Schneller and pressed for an assignment. An hour later the tanks were ordered into Jerusalem. In the city Rafi linked forces with the small tank detachment under Lieutenant Sassoon left behind by Aaron at the Russian compound. With Aaron fighting alongside the reconnaissance company in the southern part of the city, and the Harel Brigade launching its attack in the Jerusalem Corridor, Rafi's collection of leftover tanks was the only armoured force available to assist the paratroopers.

THE tank officers were summoned to the basement of the Evalina de Rothschild School in Rehov, to which Jerusalem Brigade headquarters had been shifted from Schneller. Passing through an outer room equipped with a battery of telephones, they entered the brigade war room. General Narkiss was telling a joke when they walked in, but nobody seemed to laugh. A girl soldier served coffee to staff officers from the Jerusalem and paratroop brigades who sat around the table. In contrast to Narkiss's jauntiness, Gur looked solemn. Rafi introduced himself to the paratroop commander, who briefly

outlined the general plan of attack. One of the tank officers asked Gur when the battle would begin and he said, "Perhaps close to eleven." In the war room, staff officers of the two brigades remained to work out the complex details of coordination. In addition to the tanks the Jerusalem Brigade would be providing the paratroopers with vital artillery support. When the paratroopers were ready to make their thrust, Jerusalem Brigade positions along the rest of the line would open fire to create a diversion.

Arms for paratroopers In addition, the Jerusalem Brigade would have to supply the paratroopers with the equipment and ammunition they needed to make the attack. In preparing for the jump into Sinai, the paratroopers had stripped themselves to bare essentials. There was much to be done, and it began to appear increasingly unlikely that the attack could get under way at midnight, as Narkiss had requested earlier in the day. Even such a basic prerequisite as a communication net enabling the paratroop units to talk to each other by radio would not be completed before midnight. Time was pressing even more urgently at battalion level, where the commanders of the three units were devising the tactics upon which the success of the operation and the lives of their men would hang. After the initial briefing by Gur on Rehov Zefania in the late afternoon, the battalion commanders had split up to survey their separate target areas. Accompanied by their company commanders, they had climbed onto rooftops offering a view of no-man's-land and beyond. As Colonel Uzi and his officers tried to get their bearings in the deserted streets of Beit Yisrael, two Hassidic boys came up and guided them to the building they were seeking. The boys would not leave the paratroopers and finally had to be shoed away. Uzi's assignment was to make the southern flank of the attack his to choose. As they checked the view from the rooftop against their maps, the battalion's second in command, Captain Dan — a tough, taciturn kibbutznik from the Galilee — suggested that they force Mandelbaum Gate behind a phalanx of tanks. (When the possibility was mentioned later to Gur, he ruled it out on the basis of intelligence reports citing the strong Jordanian defences behind the Mandelbaum crossing.) Uzi preferred attacking from the Beit Yisrael area, about 500 metres north of Mandelbaum. At points the gap between the Israeli and Jordanian fences was

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(Continued from page 19)

50 metres or more, but opposite Beit Yisrael they almost touched, virtually eliminating the danger of mines, which the paratroopers feared had been laid between the fences.

In the northern breakthrough area Colonel Joseph and his commanders waited until darkness before approaching the border. Accompanied by Rafi and the tank officers, they entered a skinned building directly opposite the Police Training School, 150 metres away. An old man praying in a corridor offered to guide them upstairs, but an officer said, "No, abba. Just go downstairs to the shelter."

Joseph, who had to pick a breakthrough point, looked out from the darkened apartment at a discouraging scene. Streams of tracers spewed from dozens of bunkers running the length of the enemy line. The ground sloped gently upwards from the Israeli side, rising abruptly beneath the enemy positions in a steep five-metre-high bank. His men would be moving up a slope straight into fire from the concrete bunkers. North of the Police Training School, no-man's-land was dominated by the massed bunkers of Ammunition Hill, whose fire could devastate any attacking force. South of the Police Training School there was the added physical obstacle of the fire wall built atop the earthen bank by the Jordanians during the previous two weeks. Behind this on a slight rise was an entrenched position dubbed "Yellow Blanket."

(One day a yellow blanket had been seen hanging out the window of a fortified house in the centre of the trench complex.)

Joseph decided to aim the attack at the southern corner of the Police Training School itself. Here they would be shelled by the width of the school from Ammunition Hill to the north, while the fire will to the south would not be a hindrance since it stopped just short of the building. By attacking at this point, the men of the Sixth would have to contend only with a score of bunkers dominating the crossing point and random hazards like mines and artillery fire.

Artillery, indeed, might be the decisive factor. At some moment the battalion would have to commit itself and move into the open across no-man's-land. If the Jordanian guns caught them, the battalion could be shredded in minutes. But the paratroopers hoped that the Israeli bombardment just prior to the assault — by artillery, mortars, and Rafi's tanks — would stun the Legionnaires in the bunkers sufficiently to permit the troops to close on the enemy trenches.

As for the mines, at least 50 metres separated the two enemy fences, but it would take too long to attempt to blow a way through this probable minefield with bangalore. The Israeli Army had adopted a straightforward tactic for such situations — the assault force would run through the field in single file. If the lead man stepped on a mine, the men behind would keep moving. In any event, the bulk of the force would make it across.

AS was bedding in a new, middle-class neighbourhood, the most distinguishing landmark in Beit Hakerem was the

supermarket facing Denmark Square. The brigade had split up here after its arrival at dusk, each battalion spreading out along a different street, funneling into the square. Some of the men lay in building corridors and tried to sleep. Many were invited into apartments by residents, who plied them with food and coffee. They sat on the floor chatting and sometimes sipping, then growing silent to hear a news bulletin. Housewives put fresh sheets on beds and invited the soldiers to rest, even with their boots on. Although many of the residents had been too frightened all day to leave the shelters to go to their apartments, women now went out into the streets with trays of food and drink for those soldiers who had not come inside.

Some of the paratroopers descended to the shelters out of curiosity. They had been vaguely aware that the cities might be targets in the war, but they were taken aback by the sight of women, children, and elderly men huddled in the light of candles and listening to the thump of shells. A trembling old man in one shelter asked a soldier whose guns were firing. The soldier had no idea, but he patted the man on the shoulder and assured him that they were Jewish guns.

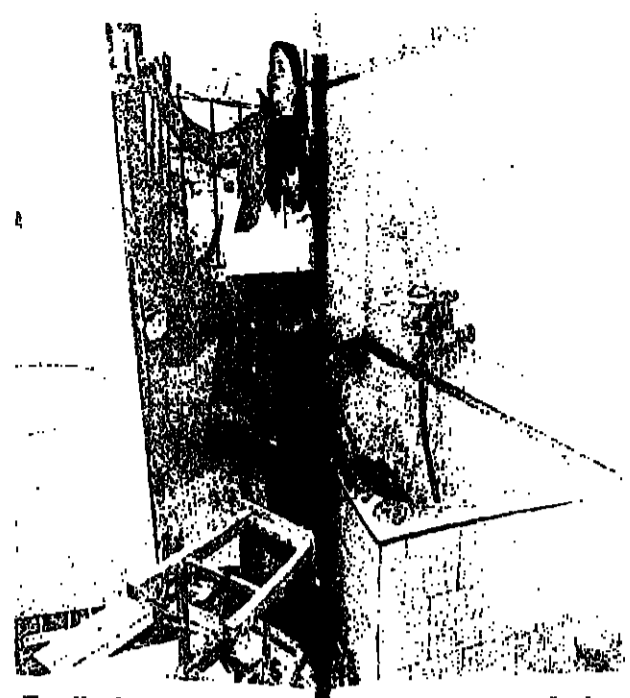
Not all the soldiers appearing in the shelters were strangers. In a crowded Beit Hakerem basement Aviva Goren, a stunning, dark-haired beauty, was sitting with her two young children when a helmeted soldier entered in full battle gear, grenades dangling from his belt. It was her husband, a staff officer of the Eighth Battalion. The children and neighbours ran to him, but

Aviva could not move. They had only a moment to look at each other across the room before he turned and hurried back to his headquarters. (Several hours later he would be lying in a street a few miles away, blinded in one eye.)

Most of the soldiers took advantage of the telephones made available to them by the Beit Hakerem residents. Lieutenant Raviv of the Seventh, a Jerusalemite who had been mobilized immediately upon his return from a European honeymoon two weeks earlier, telephoned his wife on the other side of town. When she told him Jerusalem was being heavily shelled he said, "Really?" in as surprised a tone as he could muster. He declined to tell her where he was, but from the clear connection she guessed that he was not very far away.

A dentist on Sderot Herzl invited dozens of men into his house to use the phone. Some men, protesting that his phone bill would run into hundreds of pounds, tried to pay him. Not satisfied with making his phone available, the dentist called out to the men on the darkened street, asking if anyone was having trouble with his teeth. At least one soldier was seen submitting himself to an examination by flashlight.

The three battalion staffs had set up temporary headquarters in apartments made available to them by people in the shelters. Risking the wrath of civil-defence wardens, who had been enforcing a strict blackout, the officers covered the windows with blankets and switched on the lights. Maps were spread over the



Family inspects shell crater of 1,000 hit by Jordanian artillery on the first day of the battle.

tables, and the women of the house, including those from the Beit Hakerem, were the only religious women in the city.

At 10 Rehov Beit Hakerem taken over the apartment lawyer Ya'acov Cohen. While his company he the and his deputy drew up the attack plan on the kitchen table. The rest of the battalion staffs were in the living room, spilling out on the couches onto the floor. The officers smoked and coffee and filled the room with a buoyant, confident tone. It was the most difficult assignment, did not finish his plan until 11:30. He had first assigned the fence-husting operation to the company led by Captain Dodik — a kibbutznik from Gonen in the Galilee — which was to have performed a similar job in the cancelled drop at Tel Arish. After Dodik had already passed word to his officers to prepare bangalores, the plan was changed. Respected by his fellow officers as an especially forceful leader, Dodik would instead get first crack at the enemy trenches. His men would cross no-man's-land after another company, Captain Glorn's, had blown a path through the fences.

While it was seniority that had won Yussif's battalion the coveted position at the gates of ancient Jerusalem (a position which the tide of battle would subsequently ignore), the unit was treated like a poor relation by the brigade when it came to distribution of the vital aerial photographs of the target area. The photos — taken by the light planes which had cruised over the city during the previous two weeks — were the basic material on which the commanders would have to rely in their planning and in finding their way during the battle itself. Jordanian bunker and trench positions invisible to the naked eye were drawn on the photos by intelligence. Street names and other landmarks were also indicated, so that the officers could orient themselves when they pushed into the heart of the enemy half of the city. But after photos had been distributed to Uzi and Joseph's breakthrough battalions, there were only two left for all of Yussif's battalion. His officers crowded around them trying to memorize the area they would be fighting in. It was a hopeless task.

Ammunition Hill was assigned to Captain Dedi, a young officer who would be getting the toughest position in Jerusalem in his first crack at combat.

Unlike the other two battalion commanders, Colonel Yussif of the Eighth found himself confronted with what looked like a fairly easy mission. Not only would he be spared the necessity of making his own breakthrough, but according to intelligence he should reach his principal target — Rockefeller Museum — virtually without a fight, once he had brought his men across no-man's-land. It was the probable second stage of the battle, it seemed, which held the danger and the glory. By ordering the Eighth to take the museum directly across from the Old City wall, Gur was placing Yussif in position to assault the Old City itself. He told Yussif to be prepared for an order to break in through Herod's Gate, 200 metres from the museum. Such an order would have to await decision at the highest political level.

After briefing their officers, the company commanders addressed the troops. In the portico of an apartment building, Dodik explained to his men what lay ahead in a clear, calm briefing that made the mission seem almost a matter-of-fact. They would be passing through a minefield, he said. Nobody was to stop to pick up wounded. If the man in front of you falls, he said, step on him and keep moving.

Other battalions were not much better off. While they had more photos to go around, there simply was not enough time to study them.

DEDI assembled his officers beside a bus and in the faint illumination from the door light showed them an aerial photo of Ammunition Hill. "Follows, we have to take this," he said. Of the five officers gathered around him, three would be dead

within a few hours and the other two wounded. One of the platoon commanders had a minute with the photostat and made a quick pencil sketch of the enemy trenches.

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Captain Giora, whose company would have the vital breakthrough assignment, found his men already inside the two buses that would carry them to the front. His deputy told the drivers to shut off the motors as Giora mounted each vehicle to address the men. "Our job is the breakthrough," he said. "It's a difficult one but we will break the fences at all costs."

Lieutenant Yoram, one of the officers from Dedi's company, held an aerial photograph of Ammunition Hill against a street billboard while his men gathered to look at it by flashlight. The photo was too small and too dark for them to see anything. "Perhaps there will be Arabs on the hill, perhaps not," Yoram said.

Supply officers, meanwhile, had been bringing up equipment and ammunition obtained from the Jerusalem Brigade armouries. Extra grenades were tucked into pouches or hung from belts. The northern breakthrough force found itself short of bangalores.

Taking a flashlight, Doron, the battalion commander of the Sixth, parked along Sderot Herzl for half an hour until he found one containing the explosives.

Lt.-Col. Stempel, the brigade's second-in-command, spread a map on the hood of a truck and showed Dr. Jack the two prongs of the attack. The brigade medical officer picked the streets where he would set up aid stations in support of each thrust. "Nu, Stempel," said a passing officer, "we're going to take Jerusalem." Stempel, a squat professional soldier responded not with banter but with a challenge. "That depends on you."

When the hour of attack approached, Gur shifted his command post to the roof of a yeshiva on Yael Street overlooking both the northern and southern prongs. Three bus convoys moved out from Beit Hakerem from the front, each carrying a paratroop battalion. Along the city line Jerusalem Brigade soldiers manning the blockhouses were ordered to open diversionary fire at 2 a.m. The trench positions north of Mandelbaum Gate, however, would hold their fire, to avoid hitting the paratroopers who would be moving across their front.

The artillery officer coordinating all Jerusalem Brigade artillery and heavy mortars paced the roof of the Histadrut Building like a restless conductor as he checked his batteries. One reported that it was not quite ready. "The whole State of Israel," said the officer, "is waiting for you."

In the Valley of the Cross, the mortar men rose to their guns.

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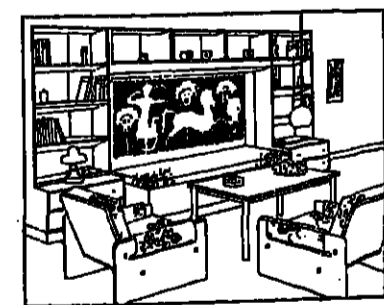
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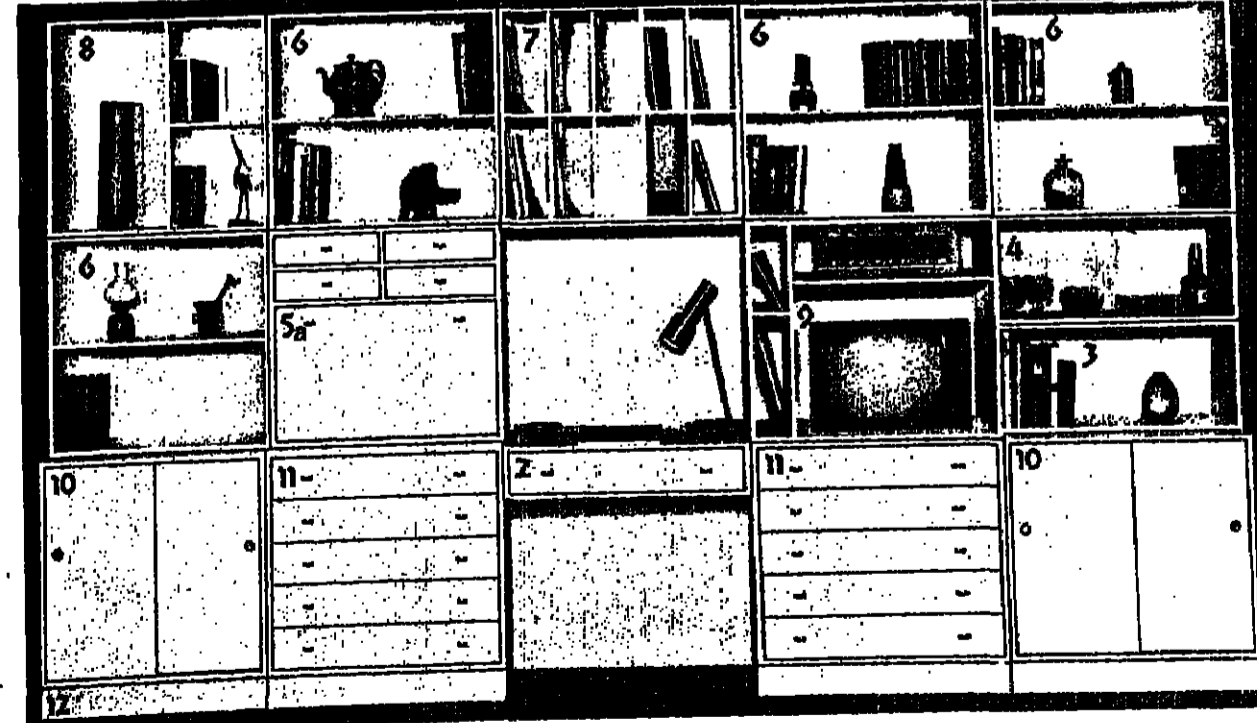
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Restoring the forests

THE Haftara of this Sabbath, the opening chapter of the prophet Hosea, tells the enigmatic story of the Divine command given to the prophet to marry a harlot. All his attempts to rehabilitate her prove fruitless; she proves to be a veritable nymphomaniac, and it is foretold that she will be deprived of all the material benefits which accrued to her from her activities. The threat is couched in the language of flora, the definitive verse with which I wish to deal is "and I will destroy her vines and her fig trees, whereof she hath said, 'These are my rewards that my lovers have given me, and I will make them a forest, and the beasts of the field shall eat them'" (2, 12).

This passage finds its close parallel in the beautiful Song of the Vineyard of Isaiah, where faithless Israel is warned, in similar terms, "I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof...

TORA* AND FLORA

and break down the wall thereof... and I will lay it waste... there shall come up briars and thorns" (5,5-6), except that in Hosea the vineyard will become a forest and in Isaiah *ba'ata*, translated "waste," but actually the wild undergrowth. These passages clearly indicate the processes of agricultural development and retrogression as they applied to ancient Israel. The conquest of Joshua was of the hill country; the coastal plain remained unconquered. Agricultural and settlement needs demanded the cutting down of the forests which covered the mountains, the clearing away of the undergrowth, and the levelling of terraces. Deforestation constituted progress; the encroaching of forests and the spread of *ba'ata*, of "briars and thorns" naturally were signs of agricultural decay. No greater calamity could occur in the agricultural economy than the one-time fig orchards and vineyards becoming forests where "beasts of the field" would roam.

We are living through a period in the development of Israel, however, where the exact opposite process has become a virtual Afforestation has become the order of the day; the spread of the *ba'ata*, the covering of the hillsides with wild plants and flowers delight the lover of nature. The "briars and thorns" painfully cleared away in ancient times are welcomed back with open arms; the increase in the herds of the "beasts of the fields" is included in the program of the Nature Preservation Society; the terraces no longer suitable for modern agricultural methods are slowly disintegrating. And as I tramp through the nearest site of this transformation, the Jerusalem Forest, or the hills of Judea generally, and amidst the ubiquitous pines I see relics of ancient vineyards and orchards, the ever denser undergrowth, the collapsed walls of the once-carefully tended terraces, and the sudden delight of a herd of gazelles leaping over the rocks. I often think of this process as the reversal of the process of this area.

L.I. RABINOWITZ

IT'S THE PENNIES



THAT MAKE THE POUNDS

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MARKETING WITH MARTHA



To relaunch this column, which I haven't appeared for over a year, my editor suggested that I write about household budgets — in view of rising prices.

"Do you keep a household budget?" I asked her. "No," she admitted. "I'm just not the type." Neither are most people, according to the random survey I made of practically everybody I know. A typical reply was, "I'm not a very good person to ask. I just buy what we need, and somehow it works out." Or sometimes it doesn't work out, and the familiar solution is to take on a little extra work for extra income, rather than out expenditure.

For myself, it is the old story of the man who says he has given up smoking — many times. Ever hopeful, I have just started a new account book, neatly headed "May expenditures." By 9:15, May 1, it already had two entries: "Chewing gum — 10 agorot" and "Sticker-ten book — IL2.35." Not a very auspicious beginning for keeping costs down to essentials.

Housewives who budget conscientiously tell me that the first step is to keep such a record of all purchases for a few months. This is indispensable for getting a realistic picture of what the family's real outlays are. Some people really really spend that they abandon the project by mid-month, and go on about their blundering way as before, innocent and happy, and insolvent. Those who persist get a written indicator on which to base future budgets, and see where they might economize.

There is, of course, a difference between economizing and budgeting. Almost all of us make some economies, whether or not we budget systematically. Depending on need, this may consist of stretching the hamburger with soy, or deciding to buy either Time or Newsweek instead of both. It is helpful to remember that one could economize even further by using soy in place of hamburger, and reading the magazine in the U.S. library reading room — but we live in hope that such extremes will not be necessary.

Formal budgeting means having fixed sums for various categories of expenditure, and trying to stay within the limits. Where families do this, the usual practice seems to be for the wife to receive a lump sum per month (or in weekly instalments) to cover food and household supplies, cleaning and laundry, beauty care, pharmaceuticals, babysitters, and pocket money for herself and the children. The husband generally pays, or reimburses his wife, for utility bills, taxes and rent or mortgage, major school fees, medical coverage and insurance, car operation, and purchases of material goods, including clothing.

Incentive

Some families prefer to make the wife's share slightly larger than she absolutely needs, as an incentive to economize and keep the left-over money for herself. Others choose the reverse psychological tactic of underbudgeting, with the understanding that the wife can come

to her husband for a little extra if necessary. Figures on budgets are not too meaningful, as income levels and life-styles vary greatly. I know mothers with two children who budget on less than IL400 a month (for the above "wife's share" items), and others who have to struggle to keep within IL800. (These figures do not apply to the working mother who has extra cleaning and child-care help at home.)

If you've never budgeted and want to try, people who do it tell me that careful bookkeeping is necessary only for the initial months. After that, you have a good idea of your spending patterns. There is an immediate side-benefit. The very act of jotting down every purchase keeps the shopper in tow. There is something unnerving about having to confess each sin of extravagance to a reproving notebook — and all the more so if one's husband is going to check the books.

There is also an educational aspect. "Sometimes it amazed me that I didn't know the prices of basic items — such as 100 grams of butter," said one friend who kept accounts for a while. When she satisfied herself that she wasn't living beyond her means, she stopped the paperwork, but much the wiser for the experience.

Usually the mere keeping of accounts is not sufficient to make the books balance. A family with four children recently found that while they were earning more than ever before, they could not make ends meet. They asked a professional accountant for advice, and after checking their records, he suggested they could economize mainly on food. They are not, by the way, extravagant eaters. The husband is a vegetarian (though this is not a major saving, I am told), and the wife and children use chicken and low-cost meat. But they do have an open-house atmosphere in their kitchen, with guests frequently staying for meals. The accountant suggested they try to buy food in bulk quantities, at wholesale outlets and in the outdoor markets.

Bulk buys

For large families, this can pay. There are, for example, biscuit factories that will sell bulk quantities (a kilo or two) to individuals. One of these is Hadar in Jerusalem, where you can get cookies in containers or bring-your-own, and choose whole or broken ones, with prices scaled accordingly. Bulk buying has its drawbacks, however. One problem is the limited storage space in most Israeli flats. Also, any such special shopping, be it an outdoor market or a cookie factory, is more time-consuming than going to the neighbourhood grocery. Time, especially for a working mother, may be as valuable as money.

Beware of false economies. A colleague tells me she was, for a time, driving once a week from Herzliya to Netanya to buy fruits and vegetables in the open-air market. She was feeling very virtuous for saving a few *lira* until her husband pointed out that the petrol cost more than her savings. Still, if the produce is superior in quality, or if she enjoys the outing,

it might be reason enough to continue.

The outdoor markets are not only for fruits and vegetables, though that is what comes to mind first. My household helper says she discovered that her favourite brand of soap is significantly cheaper at the Carmel Market than at her corner grocery in Jaffa. Often meats are cheaper at butchers in and around the open-air markets. My mother-in-law finds chicken breast for IL4 a kilo at the *shuk* area when it is IL5 a kilo in North Tel Aviv. But if you are not familiar

Budget blues

with a butcher in the market-place, it is advisable to ask around among friends and relatives (or perhaps your household helper) to get a recommendation of a reliable shop. A side benefit of meal-shopping at the *shuk* is the discovery of a wider choice of produce — including duck, whole turkey, lamb — not often available at neighbourhood butchers.

Personally, what I enjoy shopping for most in the open-markets is clothing. Why should I spend IL12 for a shirt for a three-year-old to dirty at nursery school if I can get a perfectly suitable one for IL5 off a market stall? This season's special at that price include T-shirts emblazoned "Jody and Buffy," "The Satal," and "Popays" (occasionally spelled "Popey"). *Shuk* shirts launder well, but tend to shrink, so buy accordingly.

If you have a flair for bargain-hunting, try rummaging through the women's wear on the market carts. The going-price for ladies' dresses (even maxis) in the Carmel Market at present is IL30. Yes, you can bargain, though it doesn't always work these days. Some *shuk* dresses are recognizable leftovers from last season, but most seem to be new factory extras or export rejects, sometimes with a slight defect. I suspect there is more chance of finding an "exclusive" in the market-place than among the mass-produced dresses in regular shops. I know at least one elegant North Tel Aviv grandmother who buys her morning dresses at the market.

Champion shopper

The champion *shuk* shopper, my mother-in-law, outdid even herself the other day. She came home with a tattered label maxi-dress for my three-year-old and a nice 40 block-athletic dress with Yeminite-style trim, woven by the blind girls at the Ora Workshop — for the unbelievably low price of IL4 (four) each.

To make regular food shopping

in the outdoor markets an economy, certain preconditions should exist. One is easy access — either walking distance with a shopping cart, or a direct bus, your own car or a shared car pool. A shared taxi with friends might pay on a weekly basis. But if you have to hire a babysitter so you can go to market, you would be better off shopping in the neighbourhood supermarket where baby care comes along. On the other hand, if you really want to do a thoughtful job of shopping, try to leave the kids out of it altogether. It is very hard to concentrate on which tin of tuna is cheapest while trying to see that baby doesn't knock over the whole shelf of tins. Or perhaps shoplift a box of strawberries — as my 16-month-old has done. Other children undermine economy in their own way. Three-year-old Tammy, a veteran consumer, has an insidious habit of inflating toy grocery bills. Everything looks good to her in the store — particularly coloured yoghurt, which she refuses to eat once home.

There are endless ways to economize on the grocery bill, depending on the nature of one's pocket-book and household. What one family considers prudent economy, another would consider miserliness. It is a matter of degree. I, for one, rarely buy any imported food products. I am not even tempted by the rows of foreign jams or cheeses or sweets or breakfast cereals, but find the local products perfectly satisfactory. The same goes for local wines, brandies and new arena whiskey in our household. But this is minor food economy compared to that of a friend of mine who sticks to such rules as: form.

Budgeting, to succeed, must be tailored to the individual family. For some, formal budgeting of any kind may be unsuitable. One household has gone so far as to admit that she can't bring herself to do it, despite our need. So long as I don't budget, I can delude myself that we're not really so poor.

It may not be a very practical approach, but it's a valid one philosophically. Perhaps all of us who go outside entertainment, relatively little on clothing, hardly anything on hairdressers, and nothing on baby-sitters.

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'Youth to youth' directs itself

By Lea Levavi

TEL AVIV. — which Rami, and 5,000 other teenagers like him, belong.

IN a corner of the cluttered shelter in a Tel Aviv area slum, two ten-year-old boys are gambling. Then Rami — a high school junior who spends two afternoons a week trying to keep these slum youngsters off the streets — walks over to the gamblers. He says nothing, but the look he gives them is enough. They are embarrassed. An eleven-year-old boy opposite them, who was about to light a cigarette, changes his mind.

"We try to change their ways by being their friends and making them want to identify with us," explained Dalia Rosastock, national president of Noar L'Noar (Youth For Youth) — the organization to

And it works, Dalia added. "At least while we're there, they don't gamble or smoke." The particular project she was describing was work in the Josephthal section of Petah Tikva. Dalia lives in Petah Tikva and is chairman of Noar L'Noar in that town besides being national president. When Dalia and the other volunteers first went to Josephthal, they had to play with the neighbourhood children in the street and brought balls and toys from home, because these children had none of their own.

Once the children (aged 8 to 12) proved interested, the enthusiastic

Noar L'Noar volunteers went to the mayor and asked to use a shelter as a clubhouse; the existing youth club was occupied by older boys who refused to admit younger children "and who weren't very desirable examples for the younger children anyway."

The shelter was provided and the project was so successful that several older boys, formerly in the "undesirable" crowd, offered to help. They turned out to be so good that Noar L'Noar invited them to join, though these boys neither work nor study and the organization's members are usually high school students. "We don't normally dare to work with people our own age but here's a case where we

even helped 18-year-old boys," Dalia told me.

The scene in the Josephthal shelter is only one of many such activities conducted by Noar L'Noar's 16 branches around the country. Work with slum youth—including tutoring—is one of the organization's two major projects this year. The other is immigrant absorption. "Sure, some of us object to the immigrants getting so much, but that doesn't mean we should punish the immigrant. If we want to protest, we should protest to the government." The organization has not protested though the organizational meeting of its newest chapter, "Iberias, violently objected to a lecture by a new immigrant. Instead of letting him speak, they complained about immigrants' benefits."

Poor speaker

"It was too bad for the poor speaker, but I think the very fact that they got excited about something shows they will be an active chapter, even if they don't help in immigrant absorption."

There are plenty of other things for members to do: volunteer work at hospitals and Magen David stations, special projects such as gathering old clothes for the poor, collecting and distributing gifts on the holidays.

These youngsters — who dug trenches and cleaned streets during the Six Day War — are always ready to respond to new needs and emergencies. "This is an organization which directs itself," explained Yehuda Erel, Director of Social Education for the Tel Aviv-Jaffa Municipality's Education Department — and National Coordinator of Noar L'Noar. "There are grown-ups as counsellors and coordinators, of course, but it is really Dalia, not I, who runs the organization."

Why does a 17-year-old high school junior like Dalia give so much of her time to Noar L'Noar? "The truth is that not all teenagers join," she told me. "Many are just too lazy. Why should they give private lessons without getting paid? Why should they go work in slums? But some of us do want to do something, and do want challenges."

Respect now

At first, Dalia's own friends thought she was crazy for getting so involved. But now most of them are in Noar L'Noar themselves, or at least respect the idea. Other youth movements offer organized social activity "but everyone is tired of that by eighth grade." Besides, many of the youth movements try to train members for kibbutz life and those who are not interested in that goal "don't want to obligate themselves." Until this year, Noar L'Noar was community service-oriented only. Now for the first time some social activity is being added, such as a recent Sports Day.

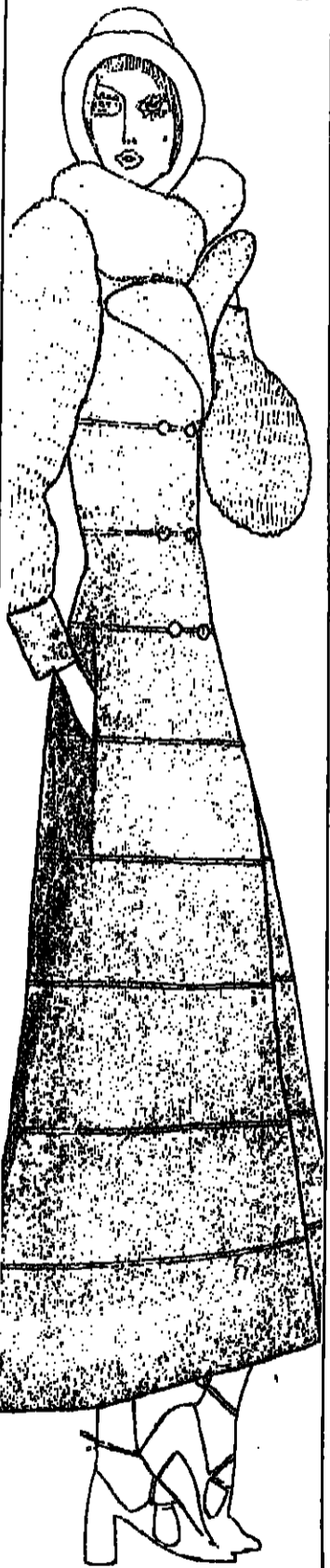
Dalia thinks people her age should be interested in the nation's problems "but mainly in those we can do something about... We can get upset about public scandals or bribes, but what can we do? Sign another petition, write another letter?" Major public issues are discussed at school, and to some extent in Noar L'Noar, but Dalia prefers action to words.

In Dalia's class, students staged a trial to decide if the Black Panthers were right or wrong. No decision was reached. "Maybe we learned something," the principal told us how many children in the school were on welfare and the town

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GARDEN HINTS FOR May

By Della Cohen

DURING this month roses are at their best. It is worth while taking good care of them, enjoying them as long as possible for their beauty, colouring and fragrance.

One of the best beloved flowers in the world, the rose was known throughout the ages, even in North America where fossilized blossoms were discovered.

The Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Greeks, the Jews and particularly the Romans cultivated the rose with passion in the famous rose gardens of Macedonia, Asia Minor and Italy. In recent years, and escaping emphasis has shifted away from private gardens to public parks and roads. Here in Jerusalem, the rose lover can enjoy this favourite plant in every corner of the town.

The Polyantes, producing small flowers in large clusters, with their massed colour and easy maintenance, have invaded the streets of the Capital, the edges of the play areas in parks and public gardens as well as the beds in the middle of the central squares in town.

Modern roses

Today roses differ greatly from those of ancient times. It was a long and difficult process to obtain the modern varieties from the old species. At the end of last century, new varieties were created by hybridizing existing species and cross pollination of the hybrids. From the original 125 species we now have 30,000 different varieties. To create a new species, four years are needed to obtain the first flower. Every variety is tested for three years to be ready for "patent" and sale.

Mass production methods have brought the cut flower of the rose into every home in the world at every season of the year. Some of the varieties on sale at the flower shops, such as the "Baccarat," need special systems of cultivation to give perfect results, but there are many "classic" easy growing plants which every gardener should cultivate with satisfaction.

In the garden

If you wish to cultivate roses mainly for cut flowers, you should choose a separate corner of the garden because rose shrubs are not very

aesthetic when they are not covered with blossom. For cutting flowers it is preferable to choose the hybrids tea and the "grandiflora," a class of roses resulting from crosses between "Floribunda" and hybrid tea, because of the perfection of the flower form. The plants are vigorous and flowers carry long stems.

Some examples of the big choice of "classic" and recent varieties of roses, suitable for cut flowers are:

De-budding: To obtain big beautiful roses we have to leave only one flower on each branch, by pinching the lateral buds when they are small.

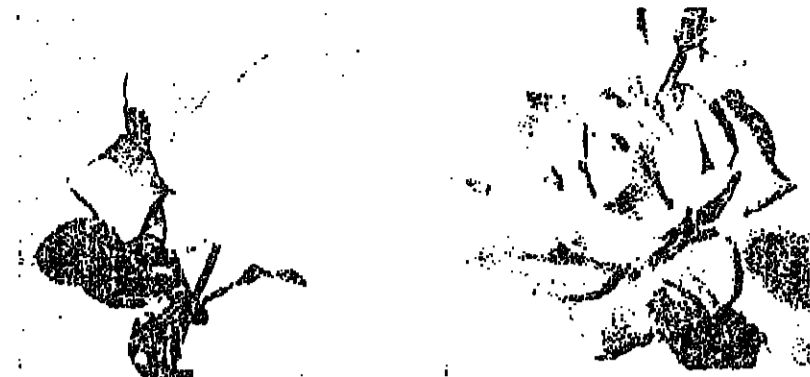
Cutting flowers is a form of pruning. Cut off enough of the stem to provide support in the vase, but not so much that it deprives the growing plant of needed leaves. Leave at least two sets of leaves on the branch from which the flower has been cut.

Fertilizing and watering: Apply a chemical fertilizer twice during the spring. Spread it around the plant, work it into the soil and water it in.

Basin irrigation in our climate is a necessity and an efficient way of applying water in quantity to one or several bushes at a time. When the weather is very dry, additional cultivation and abundant watering are needed. Rake over the soil to prevent its caking and to allow the soil to accept the water.

On the terrace

Roses and especially climbing roses should be a favourite plant for terrace gardeners, but many profes-



"Peace," fragrant yellow-pink flowers. Very adaptable.

"President Hoover," another bi-colour, fine for cutting.



"Super Star," one of the best, orange flowers.



"Bliss moon," a newcomer. Flowers a rare white-blue.

essional gardeners try to dissuade the "gardeners-without-garden" from growing roses in containers. However, good results can be obtained by this way of cultivation if you are willing to devote time and care. Roses can be grown successfully in large clay pots or big boxes, well-drained and filled with good soil. Protect them from overheating in summer by constant watering and by screening the container walls from direct sun. Climbing roses in containers never reach the same height of those planted in the garden.

Diseases and insects

Roses are vigorous plants and a well-grown plant can resist pest attacks and diseases. Use the minimum of fungicides and insecticides. Remember that pesticides can be dangerous to humans and animals, unless they are used, stored and disposed of with great care. Try to

identify the pest before taking measures against it.

Two common attackers of rose plants are mildew and aphids.

Mildew is a fungus disease. It appears as a grayish powdery growth on the leaves, stems and buds. Mildew is difficult to prevent for humidity or rapid changes of temperature favour the spread of the disease, which can be controlled by sulphur sprays.

Aphids may be a problem throughout the growing season. They are small, usually green insects which suck the plant juices, robbing the plant of food. Several parasites which eat the aphids do reduce their number somewhat. Insecticides will kill these predators too, so in order to protect them, wash the aphids off the plant by spraying with a detergent or soap. Use a teaspoon of detergent in 3.5 liters of water and spray generously.

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'New maths' for summer fashions

By Catherine Rosenheimer
Jerusalem Post Fashion Reporter

From Maskit: IL147 is not unreasonable for a cotton maxi, its print and design executed exclusively for Maskit; so that the panel print exactly follows the lines of the dress.

IL99 is the price of this Maskit halter-necked printed cotton dress which has a deep, bare back. Can be worn bra-less and comes in geometric and floral stripes.

How much is it going to cost to buy a new wardrobe this summer? You might say it is rather like asking "how long is a piece of string?" It all depends where you shop and just how much you intend buying. I set out this week to get an idea of the average prices of ranges currently on the market. Deciding to take a middle course, I avoided the fancy-priced boutiques (where a sleeveless summer day dress may cost anywhere up to IL200 or more on the grounds of its "exclusivity") and also steered clear of the market-stall vendors and cut-price bargain shops.

Instead, I went on an imaginary shopping spree in three stores, all of which have branches throughout the country, a "fixed prices" polley and fashion ranges which they manufacture themselves for exclusive sale in their own retail outlets: Ata, Hamashbir Litzarohan and Maskit. I looked for clothes which were both fashion-conscious and budget-conscious — and was very pleasantly surprised at what I found.

Having set myself a maximum budget of IL400 for a comprehensive wardrobe of new clothes from each store (not including shoes, underwear or accessories) I found that this was not only feasible but that styling and cut even in shops catering for the mass market like Ata and Hamashbir were vastly improved this season, comparing very favourably with fashionable boutique clothes.

Even at Maskit, where fashions are manufactured and marketed in far more "limited editions" than in the other two stores, where one expects to pay more for an exclusive print and a style, I found prices far from exorbitant. In short, good, well-cut fashions seem to be available at most price levels this summer — it is up to the customer to track

feeling the rise in prices — in our case, the rise is minimal, not more than 10 per cent. If you compare more standard items — we are selling Diolen Loft pants suits at IL129.85, fractionally more than last year; babies' nappies have gone up in price from IL13.25 to IL14.45, a standard, white, double-bed sheet by around IL2 more as compared to last year. These are not price changes which drastically affect the customers' purchasing power. As for how much the average Woman spends on clothes: all I can say is that there is no "average." A young typist may spend her entire monthly pay packet on clothes, while a mother with several children will budget quite differently. Obviously when a customer comes to Ata she is not looking for something extravagant and expensive — she knows she will find reasonably priced goods. Certainly you can say that the young are spending far more easily and carelessly than they were a few years ago — and that they are interested in fashionable styles, not simply something cheap to wear.

Here is the detailed breakdown of my "make-believe" shopping spree this week:

ATA: young-style and teenage clothes seem to be particularly strong in the Ata fashion range this summer, so here I concentrated on a wardrobe suitable for a young girl, including casual separates and fairly versatile clothes for leisure and even informal party wear:

- Blazer: IL 69.99
- Pants: IL 39.99
- Cotton/Dacron dress: IL 57.99
- Cut-away back bra-dress: IL 49.99
- Stretch Towelling vest: IL 8.40
- Pleated skirt: IL 29.99
- Printed batiste shirt and skirt: IL 69.99
- TOTAL: IL 292.10

The total spent on a very comprehensive range of clothes — most teenagers would be quite happy with less — was, I felt, very reasonable. The blazer — pictured here — comes in lots of different colours, can be teamed with pants or a pleated skirt; Ata also have a very good range of mix-and-match separates in attractive checked seersucker — blazers, pants and sleeveless tops which can be worn in a variety of combinations, together or teamed with co-ordinating plain separates — as for example the very reasonably priced vest top at IL8.40, available in a variety of colours.

The cotton/dacron draw-string waist summer dress with elasticated back and puff sleeves at IL37.99 was my best bargain buy — both fashion- and price-wise. I asked the Manager of Ata's Allenby Road store, Mr. Hemely, whether, in view of the current economic situation, he had noticed a change in the buying habits of customers: "I certainly don't think the customer is



From ATA IL37.99: Draw-string-waisted summer mini-dress in batiste has elasticated neckline and puff sleeves which can also be worn off-the-shoulder.

IL69.99 is the cost of a well-cut ATA blazer in cotton, with a stylish flowerhead design in white on a black, red, brown or navy background. Very versatile.

(for beach or at-home wear): Versatile 3-piece travel suit: Embroidered trousers: Matching T-shirt: Total: IL 69

IL195
IL 45
IL 16
IL 34.8

Hamashbir's chief designer, Ruth Tetarko, explains that prices of all fashions produced in the store's own workrooms are based on a standard calculation of materials, make-up costs and a fixed profit margin. "There is definitely a ceiling for prices: "very few short summer dresses cost more than IL100 at the most. I think when it comes to winter fashion, rising costs will be felt more — the cost of wool fabrics alone will be 30 per cent higher than last year."

Comparing prices of similar items last year and this, an average cotton dress has risen from around IL65 to IL69, a cotton suit from between IL75 and IL80 to between IL89 and IL116.

One somewhat surprising aspect at Hamashbir is that, despite its large number of branches throughout the country, production of the store's own fashions is in fairly limited quantities — never more than about 100 of each style. "Although you could not call it mass production, our price calculations are



From Hamashbir Litzarohan: IL80 is the cost of this matching set of embroidered jeans and T-shirt — very popular now with teenagers and made in different colours with various embroidery designs.

IL119: Two-piece sleeveless pants suit in Trevira comes in a variety of red, white and blue combinations, giving it a hint of the fashionable sailor look.

quits different from those of a small boutique: there the fact that a style is "the last word" in fashion seemingly justifies the small store owner in increasing his profit margin because of the exclusivity," says Ruth Tetarko.

From the fashion angle, the Hamashbir range is a good one this year, including plenty of seersucker blazer suits, various versions of the smock, attractive embroidered jeans with matching T-shirts and plenty of other attractive styles. "When it comes to value, the customer will obviously pay less in a large department store than in a small boutique" says Ruth Tetarko. "I try to include as many high-fashion styles as possible in my collection — at the same time we have to draw the balance and cater for a mass market."

★ ★ ★
MASKIT: To keep within my IL400 budget at Maskit, I had to be somewhat more selective — but, nevertheless, was not unduly disturbed by the prices I found, bearing in mind that the styles are exclusive, that the look is more "boutique" than "chain store," if you invest in just two or three good-looking, useful and versatile dresses you are often better off than buying

ing a larger quantity of cheaper clothes:

Panel printed maxi-dress: IL147
Halter neck, backless printed cotton dress: IL 99
Batiste smock dress: IL 95
Striped, Arab-tocavo fabric pants: IL 45
TOTAL: IL 99.5

For just under IL400 I came up with a wardrobe which included a very good-looking well-cut cotton maxi dress which could cover almost anything from casual entertaining at home to more formal evening occasions; one of the best and coolest cotton summer dresses around, cut so as not to need a bra, very fashionable in style and very comfortable in the greatest heat with its open back — dressed up correctly, it could serve as a cocktail dress or worn with sandals and simple accessories, as a useful every day dress.

The smock dress in granny-print, multi-floral cotton/dacron batiste

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'YOUTH TO YOUTH'

(Continued from page 24)

health department told us about services to the poor... But I still think going out and helping these people is more important than talking about it."

Dalla thinks another important office at the Tel Aviv municipality, I asked him that question. "It's because I believe in the things I learned in the Palmah. We learned from the example of our elders, and today's youth needs our example. A citizen is not just a taxpayer, and these youngsters can be good and active citizens if we show them how and give them the chance."

Mr. Erel's job at the municipality involves everything from sex education to organizing pupils as volunteer fund raisers for major charities, and he has been coordinating Tel Aviv's Noar L'Noar programme (along with other after-school social education activities) as part of his job since Dr. Shaul Levine (formerly head of Tel Aviv's education department) founded it 18 years ago.

In the mid-'60s, when Mr. Erel was in the United States, he approached the director of B.B.Y.O.,

Dr. Max Baer, and invited Dr. Baer to Israel to bring Noar L'Noar and B.B.Y.O. together. Close ties were established with Secretary Yitzhak Alfasi, former president Dr. Kaudrus and Mr. Moshe Berman. All three now serve on the Adult Executive Board which oversees Noar L'Noar activities.

Funds come from B.B.Y.O. municipal education departments, the Ministry of Education and Culture and the Jewish Agency. Mr. Erel believes Noar L'Noar is the only youth organization now receiving a budget from the Ministry of Education "because we supplied a list of slum children our members tutor. This pays travel expenses of members going to tutor slum children or new immigrants, and helps pay for seminars to train potential tutors.

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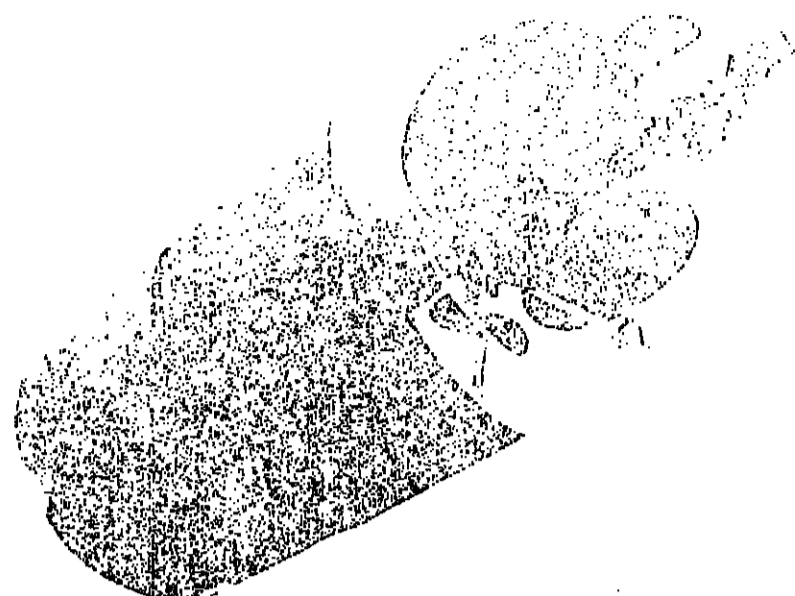
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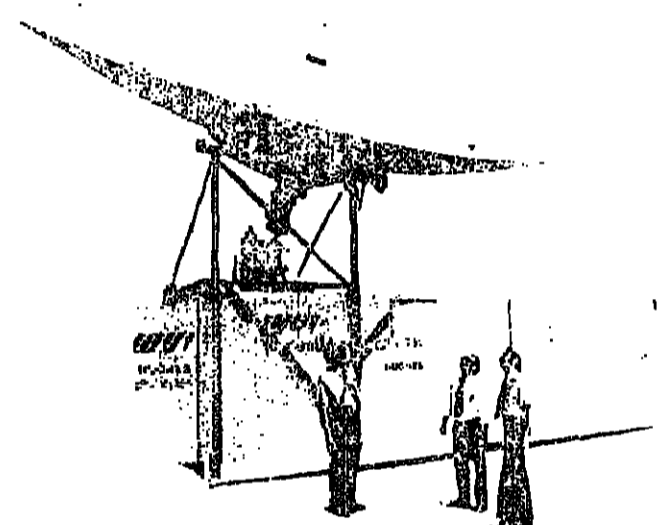
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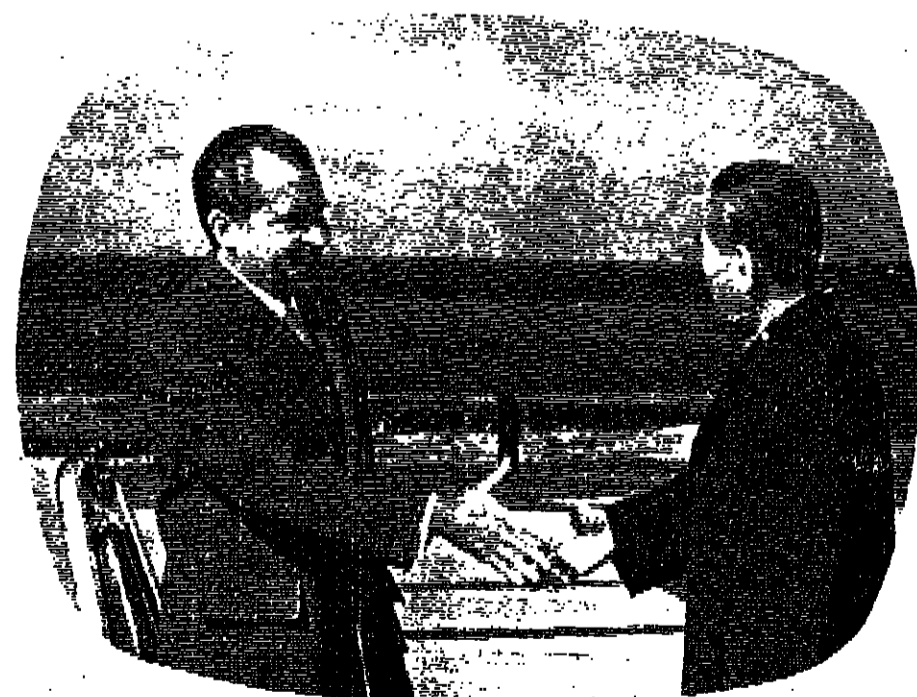
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Readers and reviewers

THEATRE
Wanda Kabanisky

A LADY of my acquaintance headed towards me across the dense party crowd. Something in her face made me duck, but too late. She was upon me, wagging a menacing finger.

"For once you've disappointed me," she opened. Thoughts started to race through my mind: What had I done lately to cause her displeasure? Could it be...? On your recommendation I went to see the show you reviewed last week, and was bored to death. My husband was luckier: he slept right through it."

The lady went to see a show on my recommendation? I recommended a show? When I came home I fished the offending review out of my files and read: "I greatly enjoyed some of the comic scenes... her performance in the role of the mother is probably the best in her career... the set is a beautiful structure..."

I admit I used some superlatives, but did I recommend it? Did I say "you must go and see it," or words to that effect? Is praise of a show by a critic to be construed as advising the reader to part with his hard-earned cash to buy a couple of tickets, hire a baby-sitter, and go out in the rain instead of staying home and watching a TV film on road safety?

They lady at the party is not the only one. I often receive letters from readers either protesting against or thanking me for my "recommendation." Some people seem to confuse the role of a theatre critic with that of the writer of a shopping column. When the said columnist states that the new laundry soap is superior to others because it only eats its way through a shirt on the second washing instead of the first, he is presumably basing his statement on hard facts and can in all honesty recommend readers to buy the product. Can a theatre critic ever do the same?

World of intangibles

A critic lives in a world of intangibles, of sensibilities, of emotional and aesthetic experiences. They are his own and no one else's. He succeeds in doing what he is paid for if he effectively imparts these personal experiences to his readers, and he is very lucky if he has an audience which enjoys reading about his experiences. As for the readers' going or not going to see the show, that's none of his business (though he would naturally gain some satisfaction should a show he has enjoyed, pack them in, and if one he has suffered through should gently fold). Theatres employ publicity men whose job it is to bring in paying customers, and if in doing so they quote the critic, he can't help it. Not even when a critic writes that a show is so bad that "it has to be seen to be believed" and the publicity man puts on the placards outside the theatre: "Has to be seen."

We are all products of our background and education, of the sum total of experiences, important and trivial, we have been through in our wanderings over this planet. Every life is unique, and consequently every sensibility is unique. I often think of the elderly lady I once saw in the theatre, watching in a state of sustained ecstasy what was to me a mediocre performance of a tepid play by a visiting Viennese company. The lady was probably born and brought up in Vienna, and the performance reached down into her subconscious and stirred up who knows what memories. If the lady is a reader of *The Jerusalem Post*, and saw my politely cool review — I hope she

understood that the writer's background differed greatly from her own, and that he saw the show through his eyes, not hers.

Let us not confuse judgement with recommendation. It is the critic's duty to pass judgement, but he also has to tell the reader how he arrived at it, why he thinks that a particular play or show or individual performance is "good" or "bad." This enables the reader to reach his own decision on whether to go to the show. If for instance I write that I did not like a certain actress' performance because it was over-emotional, he may take it as a good reason to see the show, be-

cause he likes sitting in the theatre with his handkerchief at the ready. And my praise of a scene of violence as being realistically staged may cause another reader to shun the show because he can't stand the sight of blood.

Extreme cases

There are extreme cases where a recommendation is clearly implied. Each critic writes for readers of a presumed cultural level. I presume that the cultural level of the readers of this newspaper is fairly high, and so when I see a show obviously contrived to please the semi-literate, I say

so clearly as a warning. Conversely, if I attend a show which obviously has serious intentions (in the artistic sense — it may be a farce), regardless of the results, I tell the reader so and thus implicitly advise him to see it. In the first case I may spare him a humiliating experience; in the second the reader who follows my implied recommendation may spend a miserable evening, but will leave the theatre with the satisfying feeling that he at least tried.

Otherwise, taking the critic's judgement as a recommendation may have sad results for the reader. The history of the theatre

(and of music and art and literature) is strewn with the bleached bones of critics who were blind in the presence of genius. Those newspaper readers who in 1955 followed the majority of Israel's theatre critics, and allowed the production of "Waiting for Godot" to fold after a few performances, missed one of the great theatrical experiences of our times. That was about the time when, in one of the most famous episodes in modern theatrical history, the play was enthusiastically received by inmates of California's San Quentin prison, an audience which we may presume, had read no reviews at all.



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I snatched a "pulke" from the fridge
I like a turkey "pulke," because of its taste and the spices.

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Tel Aviv for a free booklet with recipes.

Handwritten Arabic text at the bottom right corner.

The new fun show at the Youth Wing marks a new departure in Israeli art for adults as well, writes Post art editor MEIR RONNEN

"Sculpture Games," the bright new show in the Youth Wing of the Israel Museum is a milestone in Israeli art, a show for adults every bit as much as for their children. No longer is there a barrier between the viewer and what is viewed. There is total participation.

There is also another reason: you don't have to be a professional sculptor or an easel painter or a "serious artist," to be making sculpture of your own. You can have it made for you, if you have the ideas. One of the nicest "games" in this show is by a musician, Yossi Mar Haim, and designed by sculptor Israel Hadany—and made by a relative unknown, Dan Ogen, a fine craftsman who makes displays. The field of swaying, clashing silver balls is a great entrance into the Youth Wing. Nearby are some fine snake-like forms (there are a great many phallic forms in the show) made of metal and internal coiled springs that can be moulded at will, by Zelig Segal, better known till now as a jeweller. Then there is a striking forest of movable coloured balls by Dan Reisinger, better known as a graphic artist. Their work competes admirably with other fun works by "established" sculptors.

Kinetic

Significantly, most of the works are kinetic; they move or can be moved. The most sophisticated of them is a do-it-yourself multi-dimensional projector of electrically-operated coloured perspex combinations by Ami Shavit. Other works can be climbed through and sat on, like the play-ground merry-go-rounds by Yitzhak Shmueli; or joyously jumped all over, like the gigantic shaped pillows by William Weisz. Then there are puzzle games, to be manipulated in three dimensions (notably one by Edith Macover), some of them translated on to paper in the catalogue, like Moscovitch's "combi-snake puzzle" which is being patented for commercial exploitation. The catalogue, a box of illustrated cards and cutouts, is itself great fun and in it each contributor explains, in a few lines, his approach to his "game."

Great charm and originality is evident in the water and wood sculpture by Noam Kirschner, where you can bob coloured cylinders up and down in transparent perspex tank of water. All this is a far cry from "pedestal" sculpture or any concern with the human figure, an image from which the world of art is still struggling to free itself. Instead, we have a fun configuration of elements that derive from Dada on the one hand and constructivist geometry on the other. The materials are gay, made up of colour rather than painterly (the painted works are generally the only ones in the show of poor finish). Coloured perspex and plastic are often employed; so is anodized metal, as well as bright synthetic fabrics. Despite the fact that the participant can take a hand in shaping a work or altering its composition or make it move, the creators here always have the last word: how the artist makes his shapes dictates how they will be used. The almost uniform level of success among the 22 participants in the show is remarkable, though no doubt much of this is due to the foresight and zeal of the moving spirit of the show, Yitzhak Gaon, a Youth Wing curator and teacher, who not only mounted the show but often had to help translate the artist's sketch or model into its present full-scale reality.

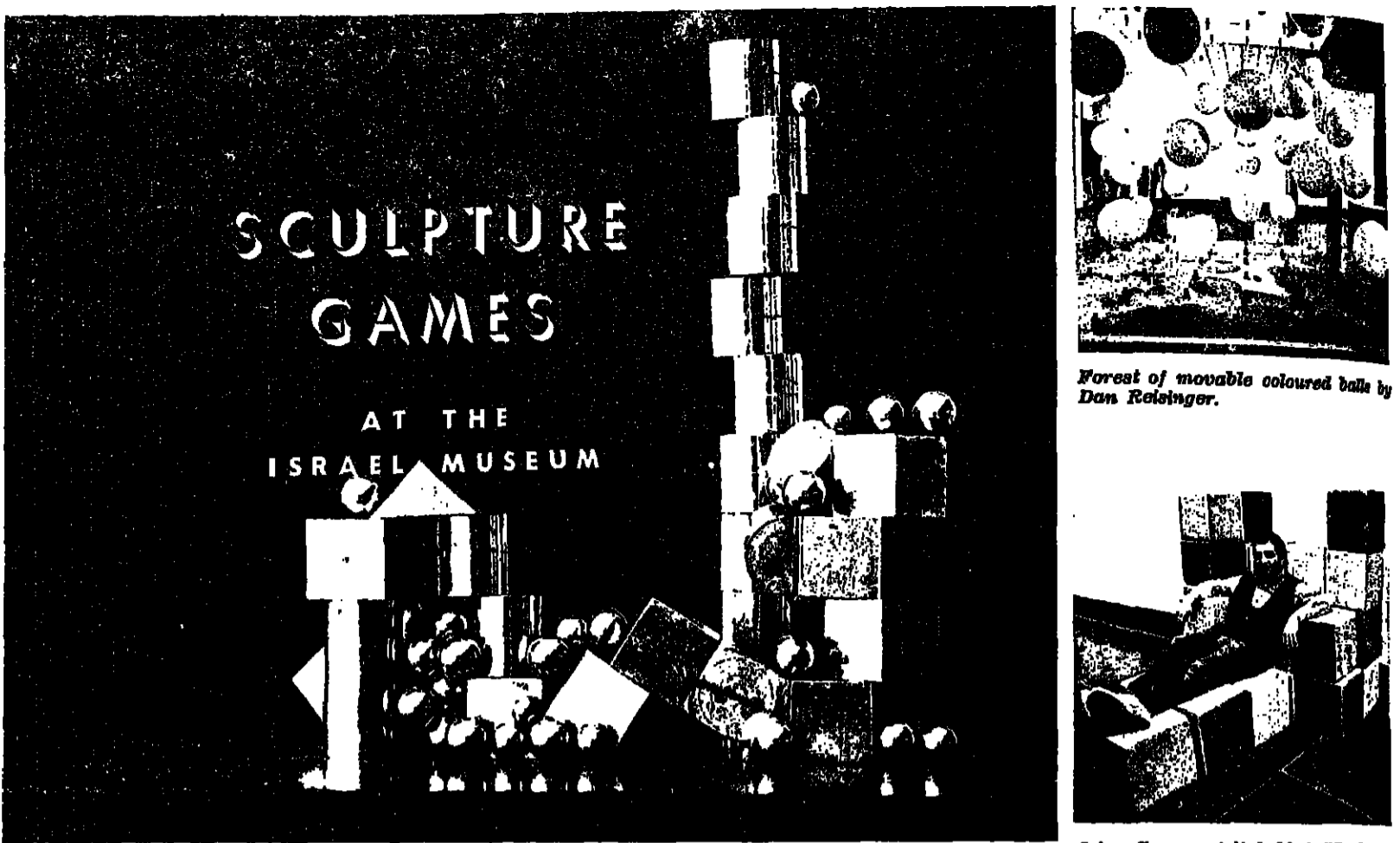
Some of the works are more than displays of actual games. Their design and colour meet all the demands of what we have come to regard as a source of aesthetic pleasure. They are thus more successful than much intellectual conceptual art we have seen here of late. Until this century, most art, apart from telling a story, was made to please the eye only. Since Marcel Duchamp, artists have been trying to appeal to the intellect as well, but few have continued to produce things of charm at the same time. Add the element of participation and touch to something that pleases both eye and intellect and you have a very exciting combination indeed. Perhaps that is what aroused adult enthusiasm to such a pitch that some of the exhibits were damaged at the festive opening this week.

The Youth Wing art class programmes and shows, under Ayala Gordon have been a notable success; and this show is the greatest feather in the Youth Wing's cap so far. It is not a "rival" department and had the cooperation of sculpture curator Martin Weyl. The whole project was made possible by the generous assistance of Walter and Marianna Griessmann. It will not only encourage the children's own creativity, but help them lead their parents into the art of now.

Forest of movable coloured balls by Dan Reisinger.

SCULPTURE GAMES

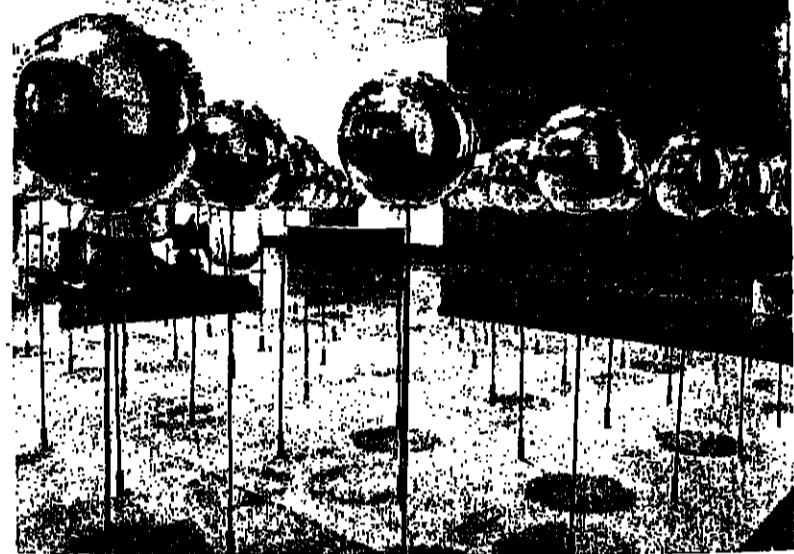
AT THE ISRAEL MUSEUM



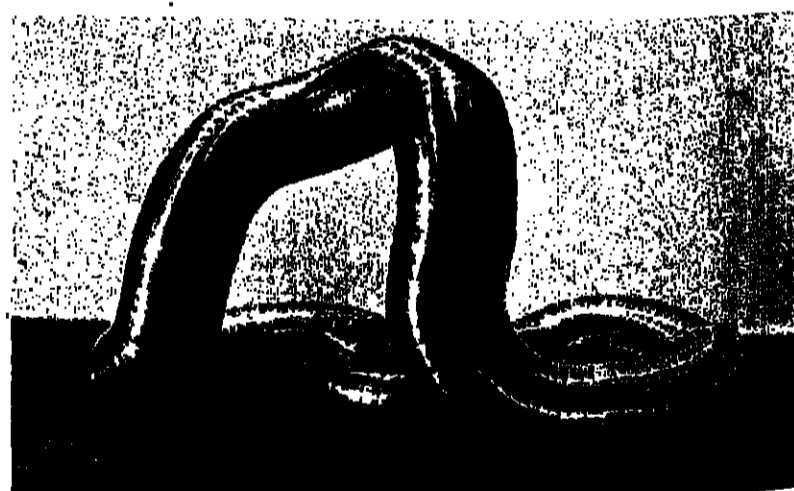
Forest of movable coloured balls by Dan Reisinger.

Ami Shavit's movable magnetic geometrical forms.

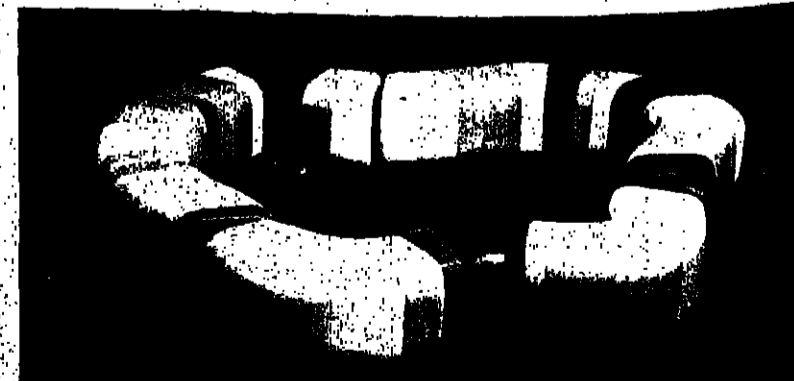
Zelig Segal's metal snake can be moulded at will.



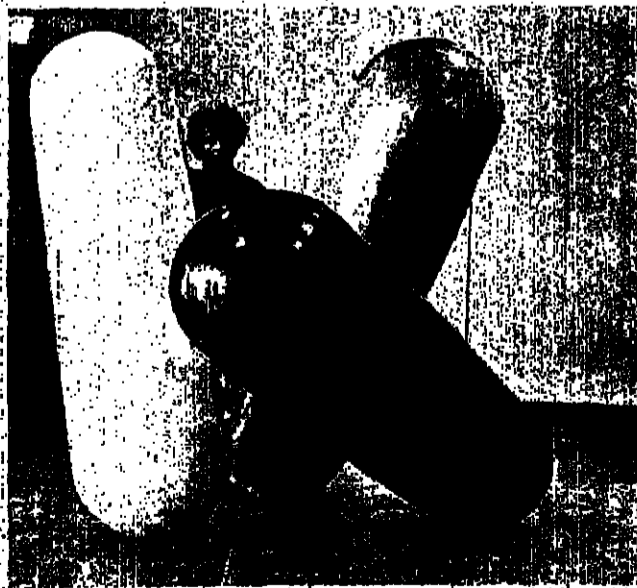
Concocted by Yossi Mar Haim, designed by Israel Hadany and made by Dan Ogen, this field of silver balls makes "music" as you walk through.



Zelig Segal's metal snake can be moulded at will.



Moscovitch's "combi-snake" has a myriad configurations.



Michael Elsmann with his "please touch me" forms that are weighed in the balance like old Japanese toys. They roll in every direction.



William Weisz shapes "pillows" and snakes are jumped on and stamped by young visitors and can be pulled into endless combinations.

GALLERY GUIDE

JERUSALEM

THE ISRAEL MUSEUM— Sculpture (Youth Wing & Plaza); Jan Dibbets (Holand); conceptual works (Youth Wing); Hedi Farjan's animals (Youth Wing); Marcel Duchamp ready-made, drawings, sculpture (Youth Wing); The Fierichelmer Collection (Goldman-Schwartz Hall); Jean Arp (The Rehabilitation of the New Quarry (Library Hall); New Acquisitions in Graphics (Cohen Hall).

JOHN SCHMIDT— 30-year-old sculptor from Hamburg, now living in Kyoto and showing at this gallery for the second time. He is a most accomplished draughtsman and technician ever seen here. His works now in three different styles: European, American, and Japanese. He has a strong sexual overtones, a little in the style of Hans Beller; descriptive engravings in line of archaic carvings; and woodcuts illustrating Japanese folk legends, in a style developed by Japanese woodblock artists using a special technique of wash drawings in the classical Japanese impressionist manner. If the Japanese style are not Schmitt's, he does them as well if not better than the Japanese themselves. The woodcuts are marvelous both in drawing and composition, and



Woodcut by Jorg Schmieser (Nora Gallery).

beautifully printed on rice paper. Schmieser is full of thematic ideas of his own; it is only his lack of a personal way of saying things that hinders him. He is also doing a place as an artist as well as a master technician. There has already been a show in his work here. (Nora Gallery) till May 22.

RENYA HAREKAVI— Accomplished watercolorist, despite an over-enthusiasm for Chinese white, by which painter has to be held to the blue watercolours of nearly 50 years ago. She is also in debt to the smaller (and best) works, to Lotte Schatz (who has written a book to her on the invitation). Many some of the otherwise abstract paintings is the quite unnecessary introduction of female faces, rendered in an unconvincingly sweet manner. The same faces crop up in her line drawings, which carry a fondness for decorative, heavy elements rather than care for overall composition. Nevertheless, the show is a commendable beginning. (Egal Gallery) till May 22.

ISRAELI DRAWINGS— Works on paper by some of the best young artists working in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem are displayed for sale of handsome walls in gallery below home of Sara Gilat (a handsome, unadorned space which most rarely see in the Capital). The drawings are of high quality and offered at a cooling price. Little wonder that works by artists like Moshe Kupferman, Abner Uri and Michael Elsmann were snapped up at the opening last weekend. Of the 18 artists on show, only three, Cohen-Gan, Tunnarkin, and Shira Ullman, are represented by other galleries. (By appointment, Tel Aviv) till May 17.

EMMY NATHANSON— Skilled but over-enthusiastic drawings—the impressionist oil is obscured by their smallness. A peculiarly Jewish gloom feeling of desolation. With some of the other two dreary drawings on the one hand the visionary of the slightly cubist woodcuts and the other the massed scribbles and the other the massed scribbles of a visionary. (Only Ramat Gan) till May 17.

PIETAH TIKVA— EIGHT NEW IMMIGRANT ARTISTS— Most of the participants have never shown before in the Tel Aviv area. PIETAH TIKVA (Yad Lohanan Memorial Museum) Paintings— RABDORY HAYAT— Drawings, mostly portraits, (Yad Lohanan Memorial Museum).

HAIFA— HANBUCH KLOHAF— He has come a long way to be as proficient as he is in this exhibition, whether it be in acrylics, woodcuts and semi-pastels. Drawings—the impressionist oil is obscured by their smallness. A peculiarly Jewish gloom feeling of desolation. With some of the other two dreary drawings on the one hand the visionary of the slightly cubist woodcuts and the other the massed scribbles and the other the massed scribbles of a visionary. (Only Ramat Gan) till May 17.

BEAVER BENTWICK— Shows of his best-edge acrylics in Ramat Gan, often quite colorful, based on 19th century architectural

forms (Artists House) till May 17. **ELIYAHU GAT**— Post-impressionist landscapes and nudes, subtly lit and very freely painted. (Artists House) till May 17. **LIKA TOV**— Graphics (Hecht Gallery). Opening Sat. 7.30-9.30 till June 1.

TEL AVIV

NATY GIMNBERG— Young Israeli shows stillings and several portraits (to 1933) now living in London—some of them on transparent plastic sheets. In July, separate elements gleaned from old illustrations in a manner recalling Max Ernst but with a contemporary approach to composition. The varied technique, the subtle gradations of value and occasionally of colour and the overall excellent execution are of an extremely high professional standard. (Nahal Gallery, 31 Gordon). till May 17. **ELIUD ECKER**— Angular forms on which are painted forms that interlock and relate, usually in dynamic and unexpected ways. A certain lack of precision in handling is balanced by the sheer originality and clarity of the ideas. Polish is needed but this is a young artist who deserves watching. (Chernomirsky Gallery, 30 Gordon). (I.C.C.) till May 17.

MIRIAM EGOS— If there is such a thing as the "Arieh Aroch School" this young artist is a member of it. Her general outlook seems to be that of creating "facets" of actual or "found" textures and patterns. Carefully made patterns, drawings, placed and contrasting scratches, rubbings and markings coalesce into creations of undeniable beauty. (Dugith Gallery, 43 Frishman). **"FUTURE AND FORM"**— Realism (through photographic means) and abstraction are used by eight artists as means of arriving at personal images related to contemporary life. (Nahal Gallery, 31 Gordon). **SEVEN ABAB ARTISTS**— An unusual artistic event for Tel Aviv sponsored by the mayors of Tel Aviv and Rehovot. (Tel Aviv Club, 50 Ibn Gvrol).

ARIE HARTANI— (Colourful, soft drawings) (Nahal Gallery, 31 Gordon). **OLD JAFFA** (Old Jaffa Gallery) till May 22.

SHIMON SCHLESINGER— (National Gallery, 20 Gordon). **PHILIPPINE ART**— BAT YAM (Tel Aviv Municipal Museum). **VIOLA BINDISH**— Cubistic-expressionist paintings of figures. (Sokoloff Club, 4 Kaplan). From May 17.

TEL AVIV MUSEUM— Picasso— 200 graphic works marking the artist's 75th birthday and his 50th anniversary. 50 Paris Painters— a broad but shallow sampling of Ecole de Paris abstraction. A hall full of paintings and sculptures by Israeli. At the Helena Rubinstein Pavilion; Centre Bialstein. (Paris) — painting exhibition. (Paris) till June 1.

PRINTS FROM PARIS— Prints in various techniques by six artists (two of them Israeli) working in Paris: Joseph Elzer, Gervasio, Abraham Hadad, Han Mann, Michel Pelezer, Vassilis Sperantzas. (Gordon Gallery, 20 Gordon).

ARTY WOLOVSKY— Works on paper by Jerusalem artist whose fanciful style incorporates broad range of images and drawing techniques. (Gordon Gallery, 20 Gordon).

MIRIAM EGOS— Paintings based largely on botanical and growth. (220 Gordon). **ALMO BOENSTEIN**— Surrealist abstractions by Israeli who has been working in Paris for the past three years. (Israel Gallery, 21 Israel 51).

RAMAT GAN— **ELI SHOPRONI**— Figurative landscapes in oils, and watercolours. (Ramat Gan, Yad Lohanan). Opening Sat. 7 p.m. (Ramat Gan). till May 22.

EMMY NATHANSON— Oils, Acrylics and drawings in colorful expressionism. (Ramat Gan, Yad Lohanan). till May 20.

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TIDOR LOVI (Lumana). — Above the average photography — both in black and white and colour, when he does not force his subjects artificially, a point causing the viewer to step at those items which afterwards he discovers to have received international acclaim. It is not so much Lovi's fault, as the limitations of colour photography, that his landscapes, except the green and white "Gentlemen", are loud and that his landscapes often suggest the sharp-edged (but lurid) poster, although sharply exploited in "At Anchor". Like many photographers, he seeks an atmosphere of peace, at his best in a mellow brown, in "Perspective" (Hecht Gallery). till May 17.

ALMA FELER— Vaguely Fauvist oils of landscapes, figures and flowers. All stylistic components are still polished and require more firmness. The colour level towards which she should strive is in "Flowers II, 28 and in a different vein. Of the landscapes, "Goshet Alotz" hits the eye but misses the essentially intended perspective. (Ritz Gallery). till June 1.

MOSEH KUPFERMAN (Kibbutz Lohamei Hagetaot). — Abstract paintings of a title too spontaneous, at his best when an underlying representationalism can be seen. (Museum of Modern Art). till May 27.

COPYRIGHTS AND ASSEMBLAGES— Interesting collection of work by both foreign and Israeli artists, from the Museum's acquisitions. (Museum of Modern Art). till May 27.

THE JAPANESE PRINT— THA-

decreatively composed acrylics containing sculpture, yet some of these figures hold a small significance and others seem to hide emotions which may reach the viewer's terror or repugnance of the coarse woodcut. A show deserving very good marks for execution, style and content. (Danya Gallery). till May 22.

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ARIEH ROTHMAN — "Fragments" watercolours on wood, at first sight resembling oils. He follows the same composition as in his etchings, the same leaf motif and lettering, but indulges to a greater extent in borrowed into medieval and Renaissance figures, and in a broader palette which may be the idea behind the medium. They do not have the unity of the etching, unless in 8, nor do they possess a dominant colour — exceptions are the red in 17, the blue leaf of 9 and the blue background of 3. More and more one finds one's self concentrating on identifying the figures. Execution, of course, is excellent but the watercolours suffer on the whole from over-intellectualization. ("Graphics 3" Gallery). till May 17.

FREE UNION OF PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS— Only paintings and a few graphics on the occasion of an exhibition showing a certain unity of approach in the handling of colour. (Hecht Gallery). till May 17.

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